

WAS AND WASN'T

Statements Credited To Mrs. Carter

DENIED MARRIAGE IN NEW LONDON

Admitted It To Her Manager, David Belasco, However

ACTRESS NOW AT SUMMER HOME ON SHEL- TER ISLAND

Mrs. William L. Payne, formerly Mrs. Leslie Carter, left Hotel Touraine, Boston, on Sunday in an automobile. Mrs. Payne sent several telegrams before her departure, leaving the hotel at exactly twenty minutes past ten in the forenoon. Only her maid and chauffeur accompanied her.

Mr. Payne, who became the hus-

band of the famous actress in this city on Friday, departed half an hour earlier with his wife's baggage, which was taken to the South station. The other members of the automobile party, the New England tour of which had so sensational a climax at Portsmouth, left at five o'clock in the morning for New York.

Mrs. Payne arrived at New London, Conn., in her automobile about noon on Sunday. The car was run on board a big wrecking lighter owned by Capt. T. A. Scott and the tug T. A. Scott, Jr., towed lighter and automobile to Mrs. Payne's summer home on Shelter Island, twenty-eight miles from the mainland in Long Island Sound.

Mrs. Payne and her maid were temporarily quartered at Capt. Scott's home. Just before midnight, they boarded the tug, which had returned to New London, Mrs. Payne and the maid occupying beds made up for them on the starboard and port lockers of the tug respectively. Nothing was seen at New London of Mr. Payne or his reputed wife's baggage.

At a lunch served in Capt. Scott's home the actress is said to have denied her marriage to Mr. Payne. Her chauffeur and footman also insisted that they knew nothing of the Portsmouth wedding.

In Boston, Mrs. Payne (or Mrs. Carter) refused to discuss the reported marriage. David Belasco, the manager of the actress, has announced that in a telephone conver-

sation with him Mrs. Carter admitted that she had married Mr. Payne.

LOCAL OPTION LAW

Thought to be Way to Settle Pool
Selling Controversy

George L. Theobald of Concord, a wealthy contractor, director of the Concord State Fair Association and prominent horseman, believes that strict enforcement of the law against pool selling is bad.

Thousands of dollars are invested in the trotting horse interests of this state, aside from the New England Breeders' Club, says Mr. Theobald. Men of means, farmers and many others are interested in the raising of fast horses. It is the opinion of the gentleman quoted that the closing of Granite State Park will damage Dover to the extent of at least \$100,000.

Mr. Theobald opposes any attempt to pass a pool law through the next Legislature by the use of money, but favors a local option law.

Licenses Inspector G. Scott Locke also favors a local option law.

At Rockingham Park, Salem, there will be no Autumn meeting, but it is believed that there will be racing next year.

Ernest Jackson's Busy Izzy holds high rank among the fast motor boats of the Piscataqua.

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

GREAT NUMBER OF YACHTS IN HARBOR

Interesting San Francisco Relic Owned By Mr. Hutchins

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, July 16.
Sunday was another ideal day and the number of boats on the river and in the harbor was record breaking. Both sail and motor boats were out and fishing parties were almost innumerable. Many of the larger boats took all day sails to the Isles of Shoals and other distant points.

The following yachts harbored here on Sunday: Steam yachts Cayuga, owned by Thomas W. Slocum of Boston; Velthea, owned by S. Parker Bremer of Boston; Juanita, owned by L. D. Shepard of Boston; Cigarette, owned by the Ames family of Boston; Machigonne, owned by Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Philadelphia; yawl Juniar, owned by Mary E. Converse of Boston; sloop yacht Harpoon, owned by Otis Shepard of Boston; schooner yachts Clia, owned by William Turner of Boston, and Glenesk, of Boston; also half a dozen small sloops, several of which anchored in Little Harbor.

Mackerel are more plentiful than for years and every little creek is filled with them. Most of them are too small, however, to be of much use as edibles.

Miss Hannah Symonds of Portland is the guest of Miss Grace Spinnery.

Henry Maiden of Boston is at his summer home at North Kittery for the season.

A regular meeting of Odd Fellows will be held this evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

A regular meeting of Constitution Lodge, Knights of Pythias, will be held on Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss Ethel Wardrope of Cambridge, Mass., is passing the summer in town.

Miss Mildred Donnell has entered the employ of the George B. French Company of Portsmouth.

Caleb H. Johnson, University of Maine, '04, of Nahant, Mass., who has been passing a week here with his classmate, Charles E. Prince, has returned to his home.

Paul Richardson of Dorchester, Mass., passed Sunday with his parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Richardson.

E. P. Hendricks returned on Sunday in his sloop yacht Owl from a trip of two weeks along the Maine coast.

The Kittery baseball team defeated the United States marine corps team by a score of fifteen to three at Kittery Field on Saturday.

Many visited the sunken dredger at Henderson's Point on Sunday and today.

Kittery Point

Arthur L. Hutchins, who has as his guests Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Walsh of San Francisco, has a very interesting relic of that city given him by Mr. Walsh, who lost everything in the fire. It is a wine glass, one side of which is completely melted out of shape with ashes fused into the glass.

Mr. Walsh says that there is such a craze for souvenirs in San Francisco that fakirs are doing a rushing business, selling cheap watches and other trinkets which were put through a fire of their own manufacture.

The big battleship New Jersey attracted much attention as she lay off Wood Island receiving provisions on Saturday afternoon. A swarm of

boats was around her as long as she remained in the harbor.

The sloop Olympia, Capt. Charles Williams, is at Frisbee's wharf.

Warren Blake of South Berwick was in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Burton Hoyt returned today from a short trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smart of Portsmouth passed Sunday with their son, George E. Smart.

Mrs. Frank Snow and Warren Munson of East Boston were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Gilchrist on Sunday.

Victor Sawyer gave his big new gasoline launch a very successful trial trip on Sunday.

A new thirty-foot gasoline launch for former Governor F. W. Rollins of New Hampshire passed through here on Saturday on its way from the builder's yard at Amesbury, Mass., to Mr. Rollins's cottage at York Harbor.

Arrivals last week at Hotel Champernowne were as follows: Paymaster General Edwin Stewart, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Stewart of Orange, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Nash, Mrs. Louis T. Nash, Miss Florence L. Tighe, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Gurney, Harold P. Gurney, all of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. I. Sargent, Mrs. W. W. Sargent, Brookline; Comdr. E. E. Wright, U. S. N.; Mrs. Wright and daughter of Boston; James E. Tate, Louise A. Tate, Mrs. F. H. Burns, maid and two children, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Winner, Gladys E. Winner, Philadelphia; C. S. Harding, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. William Beals, Boston.

At the Parkfield Hotel, Prof. and Mrs. A. D. F. Hamlin, Genevieve R. Hamlin, C. Louis Hamlin, H. P. Marston, all of New York; Louis M. Patterson, Portland; Mrs. I. N. Patterson, Concord; Helen Maynard, Grand Rapids, Mich., are registered.

Henry L. Holland of Boston is occupying his cottage in Gerrish's lane for the summer.

SOUTHERN SHOE MEN

Conclude Eighth Annual Summer Meeting at The Wentworth

Today (Monday), the members of the Southern Shoe Wholesalers' Association left for their homes, after being at Hotel Wentworth, New Castle, for three days. It was the eighth annual summer meeting of the association.

At a session held Saturday morning, George R. Wilson of Richmond, Va., read a paper entitled, "Should the National Bankrupt Law Be Repealed?" Charles H. Jones, president of the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Company of Boston, had a paper, "Will the Interests of Wholesalers Be Promoted by Closer Cooperation with the Manufacturers in Methods of Buying?" There were discussions by W. H. Miles of Richmond and M. D. Arnold of Knoxville, Tenn.

Papers were read by S. A. Conover of Philadelphia, Langhorn Putney of Richmond, M. J. Strong of Louisville, Ky., and W. H. Miller of Lynchburg, Va., the subject being, "To What Extent is Advertising a Factor in the Wholesale Distribution of Shoes? What Proportion Should the Advertising Appropriation Bear to the Selling Expenses?"

Points of interest were visited on Saturday afternoon and in the evening about seventy-five members and guests enjoyed a banquet. John W. Braddock of Virginia was toastmaster.

Daniel P. Morse, president of the National Association, spoke after dinner. W. H. Keen of Boston discussed "The Southern Shoe Buyer and Some of His Peculiarities."

Rosecrans W. Pillsbury of London-derry considered "Policies and Business. How the Combination Works." Augustus Wright of Petersburg, Va., spoke of "Our Association—Past, Present and Future." C. F. Moritz of Montgomery, Ala., dilated upon "Soiled Soles."

E. K. Marshall of Charleston, Va., responded to the toast, "Dixie Land." M. D. Arnold was given "The Upper Side of Business" as a subject and J. K. Orr of Atlanta, Ga., paid his compliments to "The Ladies, Bless Their Soles."

COMBINATION CHEMICAL READY OCT. 1

The combination chemical engine, now in construction for the fire department, will be finished by Oct. 1 and delivered for trial soon afterward by the Providence firm which is building the machine.

HAND OF DEATH

Removes From Us A Beloved Pastor

REV. FATHER FINNIGAN PASSES AWAY

The End Came Unexpectedly After A Lingering Illness

SKETCH OF A LIFE DEVOTED TO HIGH AND NOBLE AIMS

It becomes the sad duty of The Herald to note the death of Rev. Patrick J. Finnigan, P. R., of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, who passed away on Saturday afternoon at the parochial residence, after a lingering illness lasting nearly a year, which he bore with a most Christian fortitude.

His death was a most peaceful one. In his last moments he was surrounded by loving relatives and the good Sisters of Mercy of the parish, whose prayers for him were unceasing.

As an ambassador of Christ, Father Finnigan fulfilled every duty dur-

ing his body was conveyed from the rectory to the church to lie in state until the solemn Requiem Mass for his soul on Tuesday.

The body will be escorted by delegations from the Knights of Columbus, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Holy Name Society and the Girls' Society.

Right Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan, V. G., of Concord, will celebrate the solemn high Requiem Mass at half past ten o'clock on Tuesday and the sermon will be preached by Rev. Father Creamer of Manchester, an intimate friend of the dead priest.

The music will be rendered by the choir from all parts of the state.

The service will be public, but no invitations will be issued, excepting to the ministers of the different churches of the city and the mayor and members of the city councils.

Sketch Of Life Of Rev. Fr. Patrick J. Finnigan

Rev. Fr. Finnigan was born in Ireland, and was sixty-two years of age at the time of his death. His family came to this country and took up residence in Boston fifty-seven years ago.

He obtained his early education in the schools of Boston, later studying Latin and Greek under Judge Norton, a graduate of Harvard. He finished his studies with the Jesuit Fathers at Georgetown and Woodstock. For eight years he taught at Georgetown University.

Rev. Fr. Finnigan was ordained priest at St. Mary's, Baltimore. Soon afterward he was appointed assistant priest at St. Dominick's, Portland, by Bishop Healy of Maine.

A few years later he was placed in charge of Lebanon, Littleton, and



Rev. Father Patrick J. Finnigan.

ing the long years in God's service. He was of a bright and sweet disposition, of a kind and charitable nature, ambitious and faithful. His sympathies were broad and the day was seldom long enough in which to perform all the good he desired to do.

The work he did among the poor and the suffering will not be forgotten for many years to come.

He took an interest in the welfare of the city and his addresses before the Portsmouth Improvement Society and the Municipal League were often commented on as facts that carried much weight and of sound judgment.

His death has caused much grief among people in all walks of life, not only in this city but also throughout the state, where he worked in his younger days as missionary, leaving a record that is surpassed by none and equalled by few.

Father Finnigan was not only a good preacher but also an excellent singer and his fine voice was ever heard at the services in his church.

He took great interest in the work of his church choir, and was untiring in his labor for their advancement and pleasure.

At the ten-thirty o'clock Mass on Sunday morning his faithful assistant, Rev. Father Cavanaugh, announced his death to a congregation that he loved and who loved him.

Deep grief prevented him from saying more than a few words, but those few were very touching and conveyed love and feeling that he could not further express.

This afternoon at half past two

the Grafton county missions, which comprised the parish.

While there he built a church and rectory in Lebanon, and paid off the debt on the church before leaving the parish.

In Littleton he reduced the debt on the church several thousand dollars and built a sacristy.

He was appointed to Claremont in June, 1881, and completed a church there which was one of the most beautiful in that vicinity. This church has been out of debt for five or six years, and has since added a convent, a school and a rectory.

In 1881 he began to prepare for a church at Newport, where the first Mass was said on Christmas day, 1882. This church, which was named St. Patrick's, was soon out of debt. He also had charge of St. Catherine's Church at Charlestown.

Rev. Fr. Finnigan became pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception five years ago, preaching his first sermon here on Feb. 24, 1901.

His pastorate in this city was in every way successful, one of the most notable of his public works being the construction of the new parochial school on Austin street.

MR. SISK CHOSEN SUPERIN- TENDENT

Robert J. Sisk of Dover, a graduate of Dartmouth, has been elected superintendent of the school district comprising the towns of Greenland, Rye, Stratham, Newington and Alton, at a yearly salary of \$1700. Mr. Sisk is well-known in this city.

Geo. B. French Co

OUR GREATLY ENLARGED AND MAGNIFICENTLY FURNISHED DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO

CHINA AND GLASS WARE

ENABLES US TO SHOW THE FINEST VARIETY OF THIS CLASS OF GOODS IN PORTSMOUTH.

In the selection of this stock the utmost good taste prevails, and the Novelties and Standard Goods will be found at all times.

SPECIAL SUMMER BARGAIN.

ONE CRATE OF FINE GERMAN CHINA, decorated with Apple Blossoms and Gold, at about ONE-THIRD OFF THE REGULAR PRICE.

CAKE SETS—Consisting of 6 Bread and Butter Plates and 1 Cake Plate, worth \$1.00, for.....75c Per Set	BREAD AND MILK SETS—Plate, Bowl and Cream Pitcher, worth 50c, for.....35c	TEA SETS—With Sugar Bowl, Cream Pitcher and Tea Pot, worth 65c, for.....39c
SALAD SETS—6 Salad Plates and Salad Dish, worth \$1.00, for.....75c	CHOCOLATE SETS—6 Cups and Saucers and Large Chocolate Pot, worth \$1.25, for.....89c	TEA AND COFFEE CUPS.
		CELERY TRAYS—These at only.....10c

JAPANESE CHINA—Special offer of 50 Dozen Assorted Novelties, such as Plates, Cups and Saucers, Trinket Boxes, Trays, Sugars, Creamers, Tooth Brush Holders, Vases, worth from 15c to 25c each, your choice at only.....10c

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN CUT GLASS—One lot of Six Inch Bon Bon Dishes with Handle, deep cut designs, strictly new, worth \$1.75, special price.....\$1.25

CANDLE STICKS—These are 8 inches high, in six designs, regular selling value \$1.00 each, special price.....50c

MANY SPECIALTIES UNDER PRICE.

SALTS AND PEPPERS—These of Glass with Celluloid Tops, proof against rust and will not corrode, worth 10c, for.....5c	PORTSMOUTH SOUVENIRS—In China with Cobalt Blue and Gold, have Historical Views, 25 different styles.....25c	GLASS VASES—Tall, Handsomely Fluted, for Flowers, 12 inch size, only.....10c
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NOTICE OUR TEN CENT TABLE

OF CHINA AND GLASS—In variety and big values ahead of anything in the city—Don't miss seeing it—Articles that are worth 15c to 25c each, take your choice.....10c

HAMMOCKS—The largest line in the city—Palmer Hammocks at.....69c, 98c, \$1.25 to \$5.00	WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS, beyond question the best—All sizes.
Other Makes, every Hammock of handsome colorings.....98c, \$1.39, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50	PORCH SHADES—These in varied kinds and sizes at a very low cost.
HAMMOCK ROPES with Anchor.....25c Per Pair	HAMMOCK CHAIRS—For the little ones—Call for the Vudor, cost.....\$2.50

Visit Our New Basement For The Best Stock Of Kitchen Furnishings.

NEW ENGLAND'S COAST RESORTS

Boston and Maine Railroad Literature Which Describes and Details the North Shore Beaches

The call from the Seashore has already sounded! Vacation dreams were planted months ago but the advent of hot weather and the sufficiency of city heat have set in bloom and matured the early seedlings and budding plans of previous days. Vacation days are already here! The seashore resorts are fast preparing and in a short while the coast of Northern New England, from Boston Harbor to the Bay of Fundy, will be welcoming the resorters. Massachusetts has certainly a ray procession to seashore resorts. The North Shore, whose unbounded name gains year by year, boasts of everything that is best in the seashore. The Swampscott with its magnificent palatial Summer hotels and delightful opportunities for bathing. Marblehead, famed for its spacious harbor where congregate the fleets of Summer yachtsmen and the admirable location of the Summer colony at the Neck. Beach Bluff, Chilton, Gloucester, Manchester, Magnolia, Gloucester, Rockport, Plum Island and Salisbury Beach. New Hampshire has not so much to offer in her shore resorts as to number, but the beauties and attractions of Hampton and Rye, the fame of New Castle with its never to be forgotten "Peace Conference Associations" well balance any lack in number. Maine is the premier shore land of the United States. Her entire coast from Kittery to Eastport is a stretch of broken coast land which forms beautiful harbors and coves, the most magnificent Summer resorts to be found anywhere. York, Old Orchard, the Queen of the North Atlantic beaches, Scarborough, Wells, Kennebunk, Peaks Island and so on to Bar Harbor, Maine's shore possessions are numerous and attractive. In order to fully appreciate the glories of New England's coast, one should spend a vacation at some of these resorts. The Boston and Maine railroad will give you all the necessary directions. In the Hotel Booklet for 1906 will be found a list of all the shore resorts, their hotels and accommodations, and a beautifully illustrated and descriptive booklet called "All Along Shore", describing in detail the glories of the North Atlantic Coast, will be sent upon receipt of a two-cent stamp. The Hotel Booklet will be sent free by the General Passenger Department, Boston and Maine railroad, Boston. A delightfully illustrated portfolio containing thirty-one beautiful half-ton reproductions of the choicest views along the shore will be mailed upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Worcester, July 15.—More than twelve persons were hurt at 4.20 o'clock yesterday afternoon when Car 359 on the Worcester Consolidated street railway coasted down Belmont street hill, beyond control of the air brakes, and taking a sharp turn at the switch leading into Lincoln Park, left the rails, smashed pole to splinters and tipped over on its left side.

Lynn, July 15.—Escaping a terrible death by fire, only to face death by drowning was the half-raising experience of Aeronaut Kirk Owens yesterday. Ascending from Bass Point while the wind was from the east he started on what seemed to be a safe passage for the Revere short. But when he had attained an altitude of 300 yards, the balloon caught fire from some unknown cause and he was forced to choose and choose quickly. The fire above and the water beneath, he dropped in his parachute and was rescued by fishermen.

Boston, July 15.—The three masted Thomaston schooner Helen L. Martin, which sailed from here ten days ago for Botwoodville, Newfoundland, to load a cargo of lumber for New York, has been totally wrecked on the Newfoundland coast. The crew was saved with difficulty, and will return to Boston by way of St. John's and Halifax. The Helen L. Martin was built at Thomaston in 1882, and had been employed most of the time in transporting lumber from Southern ports to Boston and other Northern cities.

Panama, July 14.—A telegram received here from San Salvador says that Honduras declared war against Guatemala yesterday.

KITTEYS WON THE GAME

The Kitties defeated the Marines on Kittery Field on Saturday by the score of fifteen to three.

A lawn party will be held on the parish grounds at Christ Church tomorrow.

The Nihilist Kikamsk.

BY L. B. KINDER.

While anarchy raged openly in the chief cities of the Russian empire, the assaults of the revolutionists, the death of Prince Draboken, governor of an obscure province on the eastern border, attracted so little attention at St. Petersburg that for months no successor was appointed. Nevertheless, an assassin went on as smoothly as before under guidance of Princess Sonia, who had in her ruled in her father's name since the latter had been stricken with paralysis ten years prior to his death. Rumors of distant strife produced but little effect upon the inhabitants of this province, who had never had occasion to protest against oppression by the governor. Thus it was that while the "Little Father" hid in bomb-proof chambers, the princess continued to hold her Thursday afternoon levees with perfect safety. The only danger to be feared was from outsiders, but even here the good will of her people protected her as no guard could have done. A dozen times revolutionary instigators were driven from the province or delivered into her hands by indignant peasants, who henceforward regarded all strangers with suspicion.

Hostile eyes therefore greeted the antislavery work of the petitioner Lupinski, who came from the mountain region, a long day's journey northeast of Kikamsk. Sonia, however, received him kindly and, although compelled to deny his suit, gave her reasons in detail and placed in his hands a purse of silver. The good-looking young peasant failed to grasp the meaning of her words, until bestowing the purse, she gently dismissed him. Then, realizing that his petition had failed, his dull eyes flared into a blaze and his voice filled the room with passionate outcry.

The palace guards precipitously surrounded him and at Sonia's command led him without injury to the city gate, where he was set free with a warning not to return. With that impassive dignity for which her family had long been noted, the princess resumed her audience and continued to receive petitioners until the last had been heard.

Yet, when the day's business was over and she reclined in a massive leather chair before her boudoir's open fire, she trembled at thought of the peasant's fiery eyes and menacing words.

Soothed by the warmth of the fire and the quieting after-dinner coffee, she at length forgot her fears. She yawned and left the chair for a low, wide couch, where she lay gazing into the fire. Her large, white angora cat, stealing in from the outer room, sat composed upon the hearth and watched her face, then crouched and purred.

Gradually objects about Sonia seemed absorbed in the flickering fire. Her head sank deeply into the fluffy pillow and her eyes closed.

The blazing wood fell and a feathery coating of ashes gathered upon the coals. The glow faded from the walls and shadows crept up to the hearth, where the angora still crouched, her green eyes intently staring, as if fastened upon some prey. The princess slept, her sweet face turned towards the fire, her bosom rising slightly, the pulse in her white throat throbbing with the even pulsation of good health.

The horror of that awakening Sonia will ever remember. A heavy body struck her shoulder and sharp-nailed fingers clutched her throat. With a shriek she writhed back toward her assailant and losing her balance, fell upon the floor.

Fortunately her outcry had been heard. Attendants rushed to her aid and guards secured the palace doors. The doctor declared the princess murdered, save for several deep scratches on her throat.

Meanwhile the palace was thoroughly searched for the assassin, and the guards soon returned from the outer hall, dragging a struggling, cursing man. It was the peasant Lupinski, who had threatened vengeance.

Personally he protested his innocence, asserting that he had returned to his home for his rifle on account of that afternoon and declaring that he was most loyal to her and to the Russian government.

The princess, however, gazed with terror at the man raised in frantic zeal, for the fingers were long and slender, and the long nails were curved and sharp as claws. Again she shuddered and begged the guards to remove the prisoner.

Lupinski was given a formal trial in which evidence of the accused's threats against the Princess Sonia, his forcible ejection from the city, his presence in the corridor of the governor's palace, his attempts at concealment and desperate efforts to escape, coupled with the dastardly assault in the dark upon the princess, outweighed his degraded denial of guilt. Without leaving their seats, the jury convicted him and the judge passed the sentence of death.

During the week's stay of execution granted the prisoner in order that he might settle his affairs, Sonia scarcely gave him a thought. As a woman she might shrink at thought of his death on the gallows, but as acting governor of Kikamsk, she regarded him disparagingly.

The evening of the sixth day, as she sat alone in her boudoir, she had completely forgotten that Lupinski was to be hanged at sunrise, when a serving woman entered to say that a young woman craved audience on a matter of life and death.

The slender figure that followed the servant let fall a heavy shawl and advanced. She was still in her teens and pretty with a wholesome country beau-

ty, although her usually red cheeks were pale and tear-stained. Her brown eyes told as plainly of a hard day's journey as her mud-stained skirt and muddy shoes.

"What is it, my child?" demanded Sonia, dismissing the attendant with a nod.

"They are going to hang Ivan, my sweetheart," cried the girl. "He is innocent. Noble princess, save him!"

"His name?"

"Ivan Lupinski. He—"

"He assaulted the governor of his province with intent to kill," said Sonia, sternly.

"There is some mistake. He could not—"

"He received a fair trial. There is no doubt of his guilt."

"Mercy, gentle princess, and spare his life!"

"As a woman I forgive him his cowardly attack upon my life. But as the czar's representative at Kikamsk I must enforce his laws."

"To-morrow at sunrise," muttered the girl, turning away, "he will—"

She stumbled and fell half-fainting towards the princess, who supported her to the couch.

"You poor thing! You are all worn out," she said, sympathetically.

"I have been walking since midnight," the other answered, attempting to rise.

"There, there," said Sonia. "Lie still and rest for a few minutes."

She rang for her woman, who brought a glass of wine, which she made her patient sip. Then, ordering more wood thrown on the fire, Sonia dismissed the servant and from her favorite chair watched the girl, who vainly struggled to keep awake.

As the wood caught and blazed up the princess turned on the lamp, for she loved the glow of an open fire. The pet angora cat, which had vanished at the girl's entrance, reappeared and rubbed itself against Sonia's chair; and at length sought her favorite place on the hearth, where she crouched, blinking at her mistress.

The latter's heart was filled with pity for the sleeper. In vain she tried to think of some way of alleviating the other's grief. Pardon Lupinski, she conscientiously could not. Moreover, had not Providence saved this young woman from an unhappy marriage with a desperado? Nevertheless Sonia was certain that the girl would be heart-broken. Again she looked with pity at the figure on the couch, motionless, save for her breathing and the even throbbing of the artery at her throat.

The wood was consumed and the light grew dim. The dropping of a ball burned trunk with its accompanying flame aroused Sonia. Looking up she was startled by the greenish radiance of two orbs that blazed with the intensity of lamps. Sonia smiled at her bright and looked intently at the cat, whose eyes did not waver for a second. Instinctively thinking of a mouse she drew her skirts closely about her. Following the direction of her pet's gaze, she discovered to her amazement that the green eyes were intently fixed upon the pulse in the sleeping girl's throat. As Sonia looked the cat balanced and sprang.

Screaming, the girl started from the couch and supporting herself on her elbow, stared wildly about, as if awakened from a nightmare.

"Your lover is saved!" cried the princess, joyously. "I have found the guilty one!"

Then, sounding the bell for the captain of the guard, she gave the order: "Set free the prisoner, Lupinski, and bring him here. He is innocent."

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COT BRIDE IN A HURRY.

The Parson Was at Hand and Not Another Chance to Be Had for a Year

Every summer, when the coast of Labrador is fairly free, and vessels can approach that rocky and forbidding country, the bishop of Newfoundland makes a trip a far north as the ice permits. He finds much to do in giving comfort and counsel, christening the infants that have been born during the winter, preaching funeral sermons, and visiting the betrothed, who wait his arrival at the fishing stations.

Landing at the Seal Islands not long ago, says Youth's Companion he found an assemblage clad in its best at the house of the "king," or leading factor, to the king, having buried four wives, had resolved to take a fifth, and he had gathered the neighbors to witness his joy in the acquisition.

There are not many neighbors in Labrador, but there were enough in this instance to fill both rooms of his house. When the bishop had been warmed and welcomed, and was prepared to speak the words that would fill the Seal Islands with rejoicing, he discovered that the union was impossible, because the bride and the groom were too nearly related.

"The church forbids this match," he declared, and great was the sensation. The bride sank down in tears of mortification and temper, and the groom scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Oh, well, there's a plenty of others," said the king, brightening as he surveyed his guests. He turned to a woman in the company and asked: "Will you have me, Lizzy?"

"Not for a gift!" exclaimed the guest indignantly.

"Will you have me, Jane?"

"Not if you were the last man on the Labrador."

"How for you, Moggart?"

"Never!"

The king looked ruefully over the wedding party, and spying the cook at the far side of the room, marched over to her resolutely, seized her by the arm, saying, "Come along, Son, you'll do!" dragged her, none too willing, before the bishop, and so they were married.

After the Darkness--Dawn

BY ELEANOR G. REESE.

Brighton Casino, Atlantic City, March 8, 19—Dearest Dad: What an everlasting age it seems since I left you and Ted standing on the platform, waving goodbye to me! I cannot believe that this place is going to do me much good when I think how long the weeks will be before I will be back in dear old Gretna, but I shall try hard to grow strong for your sake.

"Aunt Helen is very strong, very plain, and very much a 'Quaker lady' but I like her immensely, for she leaves me so much alone."

"To-morrow I am curled up in one of the big wicker chairs at the Casino tramping along, or being pushed in those queer chairs—for all the world like a colony of ants moving to a new hill."

"And then, dad, there's the set—no! blue like the books always have it, but an angry, toiling, grey-green sea, rolling its great waves up on the beach where they break and thunder at our feet. To-morrow it may be calm enough, but to-day it suits my mood and I love it. I saw some one pass just now who reminded me of—you know whom I mean. He looked so like him that my heart beat wildly for a moment of course it was only an hallucination. He is gone and I should not care, but oh, dad, I do! Sometimes I think I must write to him and then I remember it was I who sent him away to marry the little girl in Italy who had loved him for so long—I wonder was her love any stronger, any truer than mine? Oh, dad, you've sent me away from you and I'm longing to be comforted this minute. If I could not tell you about it, dear, I'd break my heart, but you're always so ready to help me."

"The orchestra is playing the 'Trauerlied'—oh, dad, those days in Florence come back and I dream such terrible dreams!"

"You will come to me, soon, dad dear, for I'm desperately lonely with out you. Ted can manage the ranch for a little while."

"Give my love to Ted, and to everybody, but keep for yourself the dearest love of your girl, Jean."

"Brighton Casino, Atlantic City, March 11, 19—My Own Dad: Thank you for your good, breezy, loving letter; I could almost imagine myself home again. The days have gone by somehow and I shall look for you before long—don't disappoint me!"

"If only the old sorrow would bury itself deep down in the sand I might promise to come home happy and care-free again, but it won't leave me! If you know how I've tried to be glad that I sent him away!"

"I sit here morning after morning and watch the ships far out on the horizon-line, and long to be on one of them sailing away to Italy—and Ralph. What if he is doing his duty, what if I did send him away, he is as truly mine—no, no, dad, he isn't, I'm all wrong! It is seeing so many happy people that makes my loneliness unendurable. By now he is married to that little girl in Italy—I hope she'll love him lots."

"Aunt Helen thinks me wild, because I do not care for the shops or the elegant leisure of those palatial rolling-chairs. I like to sit here and think what a happy time this 'mich' have been. Oh, why did you take me abroad, dad, why didn't you let me live my narrow little life? I would have been riding 'Bea' on the prairie now, with the hot wind blowing in my face, and the glory of the sun's buried deep."

"My heart, instead of sitting here in the fast-gathering twilight surrounded by myriad shattered air-castles."

"There, dear, forgive me, I would not pain you, you, who are so patient with me! Soon I will be home and I will try harder to be brave. Heaven knows you need all the sunshine I can give you! Don't think me ungrateful, but love me, dad, for you're all the world to your own girl, Jean."

"P. S. Kiss Ted for me, he's the dearest sort of a brother!"

"Hotel Brighton, Atlantic City, March 15, 19—Dad Dear: Something has happened! After all the dark days I am to be happy, dad, do you hear me? Happy! I was sitting in the Casino yesterday morning with my back turned to the crowd when I heard a woman's voice say: 'There he is, now, isn't he interesting looking?' I did not turn around but some one drew a chair near mine and sat down to read. I read a long while, until the place was quite deserted, except for this stranger who had his back to me. Suddenly, he threw down his book, walked over to the window and began to speak, evidently supposing himself quite alone. At the first sound of his voice I kept very still in my chair. 'What will it all come to?' I heard him say. 'I have done all I could, but even for her dear sake I cannot marry an other woman. In Heaven's name why should I? It would all be a damnable lie from beginning to end, there would be no peace here nor hereafter. A. Jean, Jean, if I had never looked into your great, soulful eyes, if my arms had never held you close, if I might have been, but now—never! You said you would not marry a man who had idly won another woman's heart. You meant to do right, little girl, but you did not know the other woman, you did not know how desperately devoted she was, and I can never tell you."

"It was then that my purse dropped loudly to the floor. With an angry exclamation he stooped to pick it up for me, not looking at my face, but as he handed it to me, I held his hand fast, and oh, dad, if you'd seen his eyes when he looked and saw it was I! I started to take me in his arms but, remembering our parting, he straightened himself up and begged my pardon."

Represented Chess.

The archbishop of Canterbury, on one occasion, when addressing the members of a chess club, said that though he "was not a distinguished chess player, he could claim to be a representative of chess in an unusual degree, for he had seen a good deal of kings and queens, had lived in two castles, and was the only living man who was both a knight and a bishop, so that he represented all the pieces except the pawn."

Perhaps.

Kwoter—It's very true that "good intentions never die," as has been said.

Berriam—Huh! that may explain why they're so seldom carried out—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reward of Merit.

Dr. Seth Evans, of Cincinnati, is to be given a royal medal by the grand lama of Lhasa, upon whom he operated recently.

son, said he supposed I knew he had not done what I sent him to do, and then said he would leave. I couldn't stand that, dad, so I just asked him if he hadn't been away long enough—you can guess what his answer was!

"We are waiting for you to take the next train east, for Ralph says unless I marry him right away he will be afraid of my sending him off on another matrimonial venture. He need not worry, I never will, but I don't tell him that—it wouldn't do."

"The sea is such a dancing, gay sea to-day, all blue and sparkling, and the waves frolic along in the merriest possible manner. Come quickly, dearest dad, for I'm so happy—happier than I ever believed one could be! Your loving girl, Jean."

"P. S. You should see Aunt Helen! She does not yet believe Ralph is anything more than a board-walk acquaintance, and we have such fun with her. Won't it be glorious when you come and tell her all? Jean."

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COMFORT FOR BIG EATERS

Famous Old Men Who Always Indulged in Good Square Meals.

The man with a good appetite has a hard time nowadays. All the fastidists are shouting that he eats too much.

If he doesn't jump at the chance of fasting 40 days he is snubbed. And if he doesn't joyously cut out two of his quondam three meals a day he is scorned.

But once in a long while he does get a little comfort. A writer in Truth gave him hope recently by telling about famous old men who had been hearty eaters.

There was Victor Hugo, who, in the very stronghold of French chefs, kept an Irish cook who herself attended her master at table. She hated messes and gravies, and if she thought a dish unwholesome she refused to let him partake of it.

She had her reward in the heartiness with which he ate of her roast and boiled viands—such as a leg of mutton, rib of beef, ham, gammon of Wiltshire bacon and green, a dish one hardly ever tastes in France.

She and Mue, Drouet, the tactful friend and secretary of Victor Hugo through the greater part of his literary career, were agreed in satisfying to the full his fondness for early spring vegetables and new potatoes. As he insisted on them being passed around the table, which was spread for many disciples, admirers, hangers-on, they must have cost him a small fortune.

Asparagus, which cost 25 cents and more a stalk, was often served, Hugo always taking a generous helping and then calling for more. He arranged the stalks circularly on his plate, with the points inward like the spokes of a wheel, and placed the sauce in the middle in a round space left vacant for it. This arrangement was always symmetrical. He disliked to see a broken plate, talked while eating, and ate, one might have thought, enough for two or three laborers.

All the sons of Louise Philippe were bonnes fourchettes, and, without being tipplers, were fond of the high class French vintages. Two of them—Nemours and Juvenille—exceeded the fourscore limit of age. Annette, the Duc de Montpensier lived only to the age of 66, but his early death has been attributed to his habit of sharing the chocolate made for the durbless.

She required half a kilo of chocolate for each person at the petit déjeuner, with toast allowed to cool in a toast rack, which she buttered thickly herself.

The Princess Clementine, now the only surviving child of Louis Philippe, has all her life been a hearty eater, without, however, Bourbon excess. She is now 86.

Grammar of the Home.

In many families the education of the children is committed almost exclusively to the schools, and this sufficiently accounts for the atrocious errors of speech often noted in circles where we might expect better things.

It matters not how faithful the teacher may be, the child will inevitably imitate the language heard at home and forget the instruction of the school. When the child hears incorrect language in the family and imbibes it freely from vicious books he is probably going to speak ungrammatically as long as he lives. A writer on the educational process says that the years from eight to twelve constitute the habit-forming period. "This is the time to break the human colt, in some sense the wildest of animals." Errors in the use of the mother tongue adopted during this time are difficult to correct.

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CARE OF THE EYELIDS

SWELLING AND PUFFINESS TELL SIGNS OF AGE.

Bathing, Massage and Application of Astringent Lotions Keep Tissues in Tone—May Arise from Chronic Systemic Conditions.

The condition of the tissues surrounding the eyes makes much more difference to the appearance of the eyes themselves than is generally realized. Even an unusually clear, bright pair of eyes will lose much of their attractiveness if the skin surrounding them is wrinkled, or if there are puffy bags underneath.

When the skin is young, healthy, firm and elastic, the temporary wrinkles produced by frowning or smiling leave no permanent trace, but when the flesh becomes flabby and the skin loose and non-elastic, the repetition of muscular movements leaves deep furrows.

The puffiness which is seen under the eyes is the despair of many women. Sometimes this is due to some chronic internal trouble, but more often it is due to a relaxed condition of the skin.

It is easy to determine whether the puffiness under the eyes is due to inflammation of the lower lid. Pull the lid down, and, if it looks red and inflamed inside, the chances are that this is the seat of the trouble. This trouble can nearly always be remedied by the application of a mild astringent by means of an eye-cup. Salt and water make an excellent solution for this, and another good lotion is boric acid of the strength of ten grains to the ounce of distilled water.

In addition to allaying the inflammation, measures should also be taken for restoring tone to the relaxed condition of the skin. Tannic acid will be useful for this—twenty grains to an ounce of glycerine. This may be applied to the baggy skin night and morning by means of a small brush or bit of absorbent cotton.

Massage is also most effective for toning up the skin and removing bagginess or puffiness. Use both hands; place the finger tips directly beneath the eyes, press gently around the outer corners and upward, following the contour of the eye.

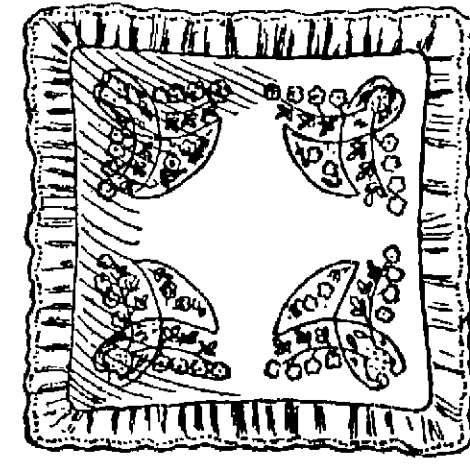
Besides the massage for the relaxed tissues under the eyes, massaging the eyelids is very beneficial and keeps them from becoming wrinkled and puffy.

This should be gently done by means of the forefinger or middle finger of each hand applied to the corresponding eyeball over the closed lid. Begin at the middle, and gently, with a rotary motion, pass the fingers outward until the whole lid has been covered. Very little pressure should be given.

If the puffiness stubbornly refuses to disappear after the above treatment, it is most likely occasioned by some constitutional trouble, and it would be wise to consult a physician in regard to the cause.

New Design in Linen Cushion Top.

Cushion tops of embroidered linen or lawn are enjoying an especial degree of fashionable patronage just now when fancy stitchery is so much in vogue and the expert needle woman is an important individual. The



most novel of the season's designs is a cover of linen—embroidered in ribbon braid or net. In the accompanying illustration is seen one of the prettiest suggestions for a cover of this sort.

HOME COOKING.

Clam Chowder.

Cut three pints of peeled potatoes small and boil in the liquor from twenty-five large clams, adding enough water to make liquid to cover the potatoes. Cook with these a small onion, a lump of butter the size of an egg salt and pepper to taste. When the potatoes are tender turn in the clams, chopped fine, boil for five minutes, then add a quart of milk and five hard-boiled eggs cut up small. If you wish you may thicken the chowder with flour.

Apple Butter.

Boil cider down to two-thirds its original quantity and turn into this as many peeled and sliced apples as the liquid will cover. Simmer, stirring often until soft and broken. Strain out the cooked apples, add more fresh ones and cook in the same way. Do this until the cider is absorbed. Set all aside in a stone crock for twelve hours, then boil to a soft brown mass and pack in stone jars.

Mexican Rarebit.

Put in a dish about one pint of tomatoes, add when hot one cup of cheese, cut up, a good-sized piece of butter, salt, and a dash of cayenne; cook until very hot then add yolks of three eggs, well beaten; stir until thick and add beaten whites. This is enough for about eight people; serve on toast.

TO MANAGE KITCHEN/STOVE.

Factors to Be Carefully Observed to Obtain Good Results:

First thing in the morning open both pipe drafts, give a good shaking and if very low put on three or four sticks of wood then coal. Open draft slide in front lower door, watch it and check it in time before it gets red hot. Close the slide in front, and the upper pipe draft. This holds a steady heat in your stove where you want it, otherwise it would go up the chimney. If your stove has an extra good draft the oven draft is never opened. As soon as you are through cooking breakfast and have cake to bake or cold desserts to make, make them before you wash up, as the oven is just right. Pile the breakfast dishes up, and while the cake is baking you can wash up all at once. This is good management.

Use the stove while you have the fire, otherwise if you wait until after you have washed up your breakfast things, the stove will have lost all its heat, and you would have to put on more coal to get it to the proper heat again. The thing is to do your cooking while you have the fire. Immediately after you are through with the stove put on a little coal, close all drafts tight, open top slide in broiler door, let the stove rest, and this fire will get the lunch by opening up the drafts at 11.30 o'clock.

Immediately after cooking the lunch put on a little coal, close up all the drafts tight, open slide in broiler door, and let the stove cool off and rest until 4 o'clock. It will then be like a new fire to prepare the oven for dinner. Do not get it ready any earlier.

At 4 o'clock open all the drafts for five minutes, then give it a thorough shaking, get the ashes away from the side next to the oven, put on coal and check according to how much heat you need, and when you need it; always remember never to let it get red hot. After that stage it loses its heat. The thing is to hold its greatest heat the longest time possible.

As soon as you are through cooking dinner close all the drafts tight. This immediately holds it until you are ready to fix it for the night—about 8.30. All drafts must always be kept shut when the stove is not in use.

Never put on coal above the fire brick. Empty and sift your ashes every morning regularly. Best time to polish is early in the morning before you open drafts. Don't poke a fire from the top. That deadens it so that it will be forever burning up. Let it alone and give it a chance and it will burn up all right.

Why Nurse Doesn't Hold Job Long.

Carefully gathered statistics appear to show that the marryingest of all women are trained nurses. Though complete figures have not as yet been compiled from a considerable mass of data the conclusion is drawn that nine out of ten trained nurses marry during the first seven years of their occupations as such.

When a pretty young woman speaks of devoting her life to the self-denying profession of a trained nurse she is using perhaps unconsciously a figure of speech. Statistics show that she has an even chance to be married within four and a half years and that she has one chance in eight of becoming the wife of a physician. The chances are five to one that within ten years she will marry one of her patients.

The importance of these figures from the viewpoint of the sociologist is obviously great. Pretty young women in steadily increasing numbers are entering the field in question, in which there seems always to be plenty of room for fresh recruits, who are required to fill the places of those who get married and pass out of the profession forever. Thus, owing to the causes suggested, it is rare indeed to discover a trained nurse who has been in the business for as much as ten years.

The Art of Carving.

The art of carving does not consist merely in dissecting the joints sent to table, but in the judicious and economical distribution of them, and the grace and neatness with which the distribution is effected. Good carving is necessary as a matter of economy as well as health. Meat carved with wrong will be found stringy and tough, but carved the right way it will be easy to digest. Beef should be cut thin, mutton thick. In sirloin the under cut is considered the most delicate part and is eaten first, so that the joint must be turned over to be cut. Ox tongue should be commenced in the thickest part in the center and sliced not too thin. Hams should be also cut in the middle. A saddle of mutton should be cut down the length of the joint. When carving the loin of pork, mutton or veal, insert the knife in the thick end of the meat and feel your way between the bones. In cutting ribs of beef the knife should be first inserted just above the bone at the bottom and run between the meat and the bone, then the slice will come away better.

Glove Etiquette.

The etiquette of wearing gloves is as subtle as the knowledge of the proper use of silver at a formal dinner.

A shopping glove is always a one-button affair. It should always be worn with a trotting costume, except in the case of the short Eton sleeves, when there is the elbow length glove for the purpose.

A dress glove for long sleeves has always two buttons and for evening the long mousquetaires are the thing.

PROMOTE GROWTH OF HAIR.

Daily Massage and Vigorous Brushing Will Attain This End.

One of the first great requisites in hair brushing is to see that the brush is perfectly clean, for it gathers impurities much faster than a comb. To thoroughly cleanse, wash in soap and water in which a tablespoonful of ammonia has been dissolved, or in ammonia and water, the same amount of the former to a quart of water.

With a brush of good Russian bristles brush the hair with a regular, even stroke, the result being a stimulation much the same as massage. Next to the hair brushing, scalp massage is most effective in keeping and obtaining a good head of hair. When the scalp becomes adhered to the bones underneath and will not move easily, then the hair will come out. One should see that the scalp is perfectly flexible and loose so that the hair follicles will be kept in a healthy condition.

This promotes a flow of blood to the root so that the hair follicles will be well nourished.

Massage is such a simple thing to do and one can give the head five or ten minutes at night before retiring without feeling the time given up to it. Loosen the hair and place the tips of the fingers one hand at each side of the head, and work them in a circular motion toward the imaginary circle on the center of the head. The hair will respond at once and the head will feel lighter and better.

Singling the hair is also good to prevent its coming out, and is an aid in keeping it in a healthy condition. There is an old superstition that is "make the hair bleed," but that is absurd. It is better for a second party to aid in the operation. Take small strands of the hair and twist it tightly, running the taper end and down, singling all loose ends. The idea is simply to singe the split ends of the hair just as one would cut or prune and unhealthy plant.

POINTED YOKE BLOUSE WAIST.

To Be Made With or Without the Fitted Lining.

Pointed yokes makes exceedingly attractive feature of many of the most charming of the season's blouses. This one is combined with a shirred lower portion, and is eminently graceful, and well adapted to the fashionable soft and crushable fabrics. As shown it is made of handkerchief linen with trimming of Valenciennes lace, but it can be utilized for such soft silks as radium, Adrea and the like, as well as for cotton and linen materials. A yoke of plain material, inset with medallions and insertion, as is this one is always attractive, but it can be cut from any all-over material if better liked.

The waist consists of the yoke and the blouse portion, the blouse portion being shirred and joined to the yoke and the seam concealed by the trimming. The closing is made invisibly at the back. The sleeves can be either in elbow or full length and the lining can be used or omitted as material renders desirable.



Braces of material to match the skirt are worn with the corset skirt over the lingerie blouse.

The girle is part of every costume and must be considered when one is considering the rest. There are all kinds of girdles, just as there are all kinds of bows and all kinds of slippers.

FASHION'S MANDATE.

Embroidered sleeves add one more rich touch to some of the new blouses. The design of the front is repeated, in a similar way, upon the back, and broken up and scattered all over the sleeves.

To take the place of the shirt-waist dress a severe tailor suit of rajah silk is excellent. This should be of a shade that will not soil so quickly, but could be made so simply that it could readily be washed or cleaned.

The circular skirt cut straight at sides and with a seam up the middle front is the one least likely to sag or draw and is being generally adopted for the linen-walking skirt.

Men's gloves are exceptions to the rule of mending with cotton. They are heavier, as a rule, and almost invariably stitched with silk, which should be used for the necessary mending so as to show as little difference between old and new parts as possible.

The softest road is not always the best road. It is on the smooth ice we slip; a rough path is usually safer for our feet.—Home Notes.

CRAZE FOR ANTIQUES

THINGS WOMEN DEMAND FROM DEALERS IN FURNITURE.

Colonial Cabinets That Were Little Known in Those Days—Substituting Parts to Make Modern Pieces Appear Old.

"Purchasers of antique furniture could avoid being deceived in many cases if they took the trouble to inform themselves concerning what they intend to buy," said a dealer who tries to be conscientious.

"A woman was willing to pay any price I demanded for a genuine old corner cabinet with glass doors. It had to be absolutely genuine, however."

"I had two beautiful old cabinets, just the kind she wanted. They were also antiques in every particular but one. They had formerly had solid wooden doors, just as all cabinets of that early period had."

"Corner cabinets, as well as those made for glass and china now, originally served only to keep food in. They were like the ordinary pantry or closet of the day."

"Naturally such cabinets were heavy and clumsy compared with those with glass doors. In all cases the glass doors have been put in later to make cabinets correspond to modern taste."

"Corner cabinets can never be very old, because they were not in use until a comparatively late period in Colonial history. The earlier Colonial houses were all supplied with cabinets built into the corners of the room. So it is impossible to get a cabinet of this shape that is as old as the first of the American made furniture."

"I told the lady all this, which was, of course, quite new to her. I don't think she believed it, because she went away without buying my cabinets, although they were exactly what she was looking for."

"I have sold so-called Colonial bookcases for years," one dealer said, "and in all that time I have rarely come across a regular bookcase of the kind that stands on the floor."

"The bookcases were all built to sit on the tops of desks, in accordance with the fashion of that period. We put small legs on them and sell them."

Care of Shoes.

Have more than one pair. It will be less expensive to have several pairs all going at once than to buy one and to wear it until past all usefulness. It is a good plan for the average woman to have two pairs of dress shoes and two pairs of strong walking shoes always on hand.

Have a few shoe trees. They may be bought at a reasonable price, and will keep the shoe in shape wonderfully. The toe is bound to turn up when the shoe is empty and creases will form.

Do not use much shoe polish. Most shoes may be kept in good condition if simply rubbed well every night with a soft rag. Dressing may be applied to the edges of the soles and heels.

Never set shoes near heat, especially if they are wet. Any kind of heat, from the fireplace or the steam radiator, will break or crack the leather.

Do not let the heels run down. It throws the soles out of level and spoils the shape. Never let buttoned shoes be partly buttoned. Not only does it indicate a lack of refinement, but it ruins the shape of the shoe.

When laced shoes are taken off at night, do not leave them laced too far up. The foot will have to be forced into them in the morning and the linings will be broken and the shoe strained in many places. Always use a shoe horn for low shoes and slippers.

Why a Woman Nags.

A doctor expresses the opinion that nine times out of ten the woman who nags is tired. One time out of ten she is hateful. Times out of mind her husband is to blame.

The cases that come under the physician's eye are those of the women who are tired, and who have been tired so long that they are suffering from some form of nervous disease.

They may think they are only tired, but in fact they are ill. In such cases the woman often suffers more from her nagging than her husband or the children with whom she finds fault.

She knows she does it. She does not intend to do it. She suffers in her own self-respect when she does it, and in the depth of her soul longs for something to stop it. The condition is usually brought on by broken sleep, improper food, want of some other exercise than housekeeping, and enough of out of door air and practical objective thinking.

It is often the most unselfish and most affectionate of women who fall into this state, says Woman's Life. They are too much devoted to their families to give themselves enough of any healthy exercise and diversion, enough of naps, perhaps, or concerts.

When you mend gloves use fine cotton and as fine a needle as possible. Those long-eyed embroidery needles are splendid, unless you're supplied with the short, satisfactory little things which come for the sewing of gloves.

WHY CHILDREN APPEAR "BAD."

Often Result of Close Atmosphere or Insufficient Sleeps.

A large amount of so-called naughtiness among children may be accounted for upon grounds which quite exclude the desirability of punishment for its correction, says a writer in the London Lancet. It may be due to the fact that the child has had insufficient sleep or is overtired after a long day's excitement.

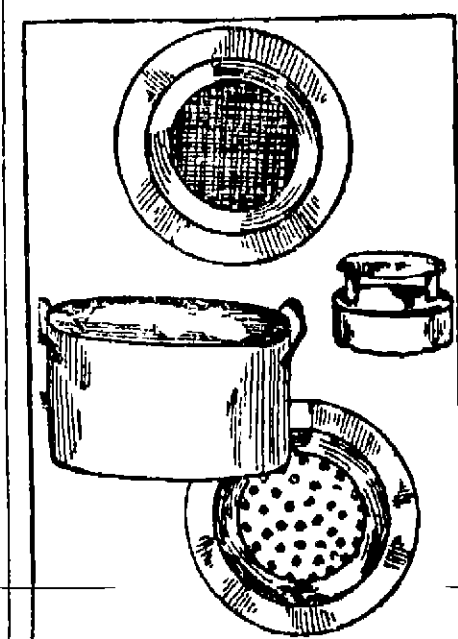
Children may be restless or restive as the direct result of being under-tired; they may have been confined at home for the whole day owing to the inclemency of the weather, and as a consequence the only apparent outlet for their restrained physical energy is found by annoying those who have charge of them.

There are also some cases in which an incipient physical or mental disorder may manifest itself by symptoms which very strongly resemble wilful perversity unless the possibility of the onset of an illness is borne in mind. It is notorious that ill-timed punishment in these cases at times has precipitated a severe attack. Stuttering and shyness are also likely to be aggravated by being noticed. A child is often inattentive and has been occasionally classed among the mentally defective.

It has been said that many children are punished for the faults of their teachers; this is undoubtedly true when such faults exhibit themselves as a continually close atmosphere in the schoolroom or a prolonged strained and cramped attitude of the pupil's body while he is seated at work. Frequently periods of exercise in the open air are essential in order to arouse the circulation and to stimulate the mind, if a mischievous disposition is to be combated.

Lessens Labor in Preserving.

Putting up preserves is a household operation that has been simplified in recent years by the introduction of labor saving devices of which a practical example is here pictured. Its mission is to assist in



the process of straining and seeding fruit and it is a practical addition to the equipment of the modern kitchen. The seeder and strainer, both shown, fit tightly into the tin receptacle and the mashing operation is accomplished by means of the wooden device resembling a flatiron.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

Corks can be made sound and airtight by boiling.

Gum camphor placed in drawers or trunks will keep away moths.

A cloth moistened in alcohol is the best medium for cleaning the keys of a piano.

When chopping suet sprinkle with ground ice and it will not stick to your knife.

A flannel dipped in paraffin will clean windows satisfactorily if you use a clean duster to polish the glass.

Shut that has become hard and stale may be freshened by placing in boiling water for a few moments.

Grease spots on silks can be removed by spitting a card and rubbing the spots with the soft inner part of the card.

The white of egg rubbed on the bottom crust of pie will prevent the nuts from the fruit soaking through.

If you wish to keep soup for several days, allow the coating of fat which will rise when cooled to remain on the top. This renders the soup airtight.

Silver that is in daily use may be kept bright without continual polishing if allowed to stand for an hour in hot borax water. Rinse with clear hot water and polish with a soft towel.

Pretty Floor Covering.

Figured denims have proved wonderfully satisfactory for making all sorts of inexpensive furnishings, the exact use of all being for a floor covering. The discovery was an outcome of necessity, as so many household discoveries are.

There was a little room which was carpeted with one of those utter nonstretches, in which cabbage leaves only too luxuriantly. The little woman who inhabited it was driven to despair every time she looked at it and finally to invention.

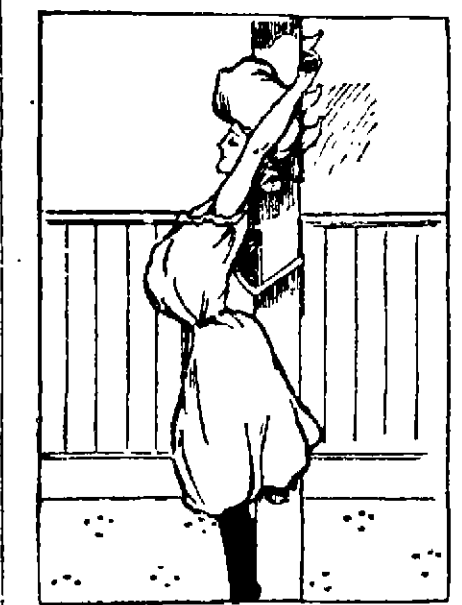
She took plain blue denim and made a rug of it, finishing it with a wide border of figured denim—the same shade of blue for a foundation, with the weave shifted to throw the lighter threads to the surface, here and there, in set figures.

Tacked into place, which meant over that carpet, it changed the whole character of the room.

ACQUIRE GRACEFUL CARRIAGE.

Exercises to Be Carried Out at Home to Attain This End.

The modern athletic girl gets her carriage in a far more agreeable manner than did femininity of the past, who, if historians are to be believed, suffered themselves to be strapped on boards or lay outstretched on the floor for hours at a time. Physical exercises and setting up drills are quite as interesting as most pleasure diversions, and new apparatus is constantly making its appearance designed to attain the desired results with the minimum of effort. One of the latest types for the special decoration of femininity is shown here—



with, the primary function of which is to insure a straightening of the dorsal system, without which a graceful poise and carriage is impossible. The central post carries a series of adjustments for a hand bar, disposed far above the head of the user and designed to entirely support the body's weight. A shoulder blade resting bar assists in elevating the sternum and developing the girly contour of the chest.

GUIDES TO HEALTH.

Olive oil is better for interior than exterior application. Swallow a tablespoonful of olive oil three times a day if troubled with indigestion. If you wish an emollient use cold cream or refined mutton tallow.

The gentleman uses powder. The vulgarian abuses it. On an oily skin the use of powder instead of soap and water is what discredits it with the fastidious.

Lemon juice or a stronger application made of colorless lime will remove brown spots from the skin.

Never go to bed hungry. Morpheus prefers to be treated more hospitably and objects to that "gone feeling." A cracker, a cup of hot milk or broth will be found a splendid antidote for sleeplessness.

An application of lemon juice followed by a salt rub will whiten the hands.

Don't fill your bedroom with gew-gaws and knock-knacks to collect dust. Restful sleep comes oftener to the bedroom that is as plain and antiseptically clean as the hospital ward.

If wakeful try the following: Inhale deeply through the mouth, extending the abdomen upward as far as possible. At the point of greatest inhalation stretch the arms upward and the limbs downward as vigorously as possible. Six or eight repetition of this exercise will cure a very bad case of insomnia.

The Theater Doctor.

One of the most curious institutions of the Paris theater is the "medecin de service." In each theater a seat is reserved for a doctor, who is inscribed on a list and takes it in turn to be present in case of accident, either in the auditorium or upon the stage. The medical "fauteuil" is always in the first or second row and close to the exit, so that its occupant can be readily called. There are constantly cases demanding medical treatment in the theaters, principally because of the lack of ventilation. "The other day," says the correspondent of *Pall Mall*, "it was a grave matter that summoned the doctor from his accustomed seat. One of the audience of the Comedie Francaise, feeling suddenly ill, leaned over the balustrade of the grand staircase and fell to the floor beneath. He was picked up dead." Talk of the theater doctor is apropos, because of an association which has just been formed. Aesculapius in attendance upon Theophrastus will meet in annual banquet and take care of each other's interests.

Sometimes amusing complications occur through the doctor's not being in his seat. A pretty actress, suddenly feeling unwell, summoned the presumed practitioner to aid her. The latter was greatly embarrassed, not wishing to "give away" his friend, who had lent him the seat. So he prescribed "aqua stillata," and, strange to say, the lady recovered. But the case might have been less amusing.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

Chinese girls, whose eyes are ordinarily long and narrow, pluck their eyebrows to make them very fine, a somewhat heroic but, to them, most satisfactory proceeding. Turkish women paint their eyebrows gold, which gives a peculiar but not altogether displeasing effect at night.

The Emperor of Japan has conferred upon an English lady, named Mrs. Lyddel, a medal with a blue ribbon, in recognition of her work since 1880 in the leper asylums of Tokio. The honor is unprecedented, but it is certainly well deserved.

CLOSET WITHOUT HOOKS.

Rods Desirable in Houses Where Space is a Consideration.

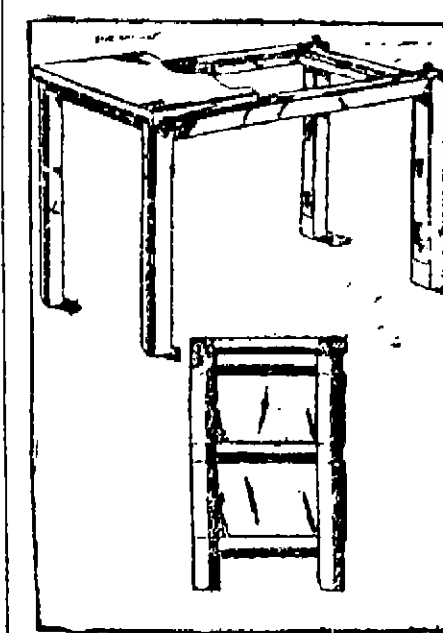
This new way of arrangement is not only more convenient than the old idea, for the rods can be placed low enough to prevent any straining to reach a high hook, but it is also more sanitary. For instead of having the garments three and four rows deep where it is next to impossible for fresh air to penetrate, there is but one line of clothing and this placed where both light and air get in time the closet door is opened.

The steel rod costs but twenty-five cents a foot, and the iron can be bought for much less. These are attached to the walls by long cross bars or braces, preferably steel, to match the rods. Their depth is entirely a matter of choice, though, if the size of the closet admit, the longer they are, the more sanitary the closet will be, for the garments will hang in a position where currents of air will strike them as soon as the door is open, and if there is a window in it the clothing can be aired practically all the time.

Coat hangers used on the steel rods have shanks of different lengths, so that by putting several of these on the supporting crossbars the color of each garment is readily distinguished, and instead of hunting for the desired piece of clothing a person can pick it out immediately, for enough of it will be visible above and below on either side to make selecting it the work of a moment. Then, too, when it has been found, the jacket or coat may be easily slipped without from the side without disturbing the other pieces and without, as in the old way, where hooks are used, changing several pieces to make room at the front.

Knockdown Furniture.

"Knockdown furniture," or furniture which can be quickly taken apart for transportation and as quickly assembled again at the next point of destination is of very great value for certain purposes. An illustration of a "knockdown table" is



Used as a Table.

shown here. It is strong, durable and efficient and can be readily assembled without the use of nails or screws.

When taken apart it can be packed within a small space for shipping or storage. On the inner side of each of the legs of the table is a metal locking plate. At regular intervals on the plate is a series of keyhole slots, recesses being formed in the rear of each slot. At the upper end the locking plates are bent at right angles over the post. The crosspieces are made with plates projecting at the ends, these plates fitting over the plates at the tops of the corner posts and held in place by lugs. If desired, additional crosspieces can be added and drawers inserted between them. The top of the table is made with cleats on the under surface, these cleats fitting into grooves on the upper crosspieces.

HOME COOKING.

Beef Loaf.

Chop fine 2 pounds round steak and ¼ pound salt pork; roll 3 crackers fine and pour boiling water over them to swell them; add 2 eggs, salt, pepper and poultry seasoning to taste; bake in buttered pan 1 hour.

Codfish and Cheese.

Boil 1 pound of codfish and chop very fine. Make a cup of drawn butter, add while boiling. Stir in the fish, using pepper, parsley and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese for the seasoning. Place all in baking dish, scatter fine bread crumbs over the top and brown nicely in the oven.

Clam Fritters.

One pint of flour, 2 eggs, little salt, ½ pint milk. Beat the eggs, add the milk and half the flour and beat well. Then add the rest of the flour and as many clams as you wish.

Rice Muffins.

One egg, cup milk, butter size egg, ½ cup cooked rice, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder; pour into well buttered gem pans and bake 20 minutes.

Mother's Voice.

The tone of voice used in making a request of a child means much in securing obedience. Let it always suggest confidence—that you are sure he is going to do exactly and at once what you ask. I have known so many cases where the coaxing tone used by the mother, or the fearful, doubting one—as though having no faith that the child would obey—really suggested and encouraged disobedience.—Mother's Magazine.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

Established Sept. 23, 1884.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.

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MONDAY, JULY 16, 1906.

THE HIGHWAYS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

In the state of New Hampshire at the present time there are in use 15,166 miles of highway, according to figures which, though probably not far from it, cannot be wholly accurate. It would be interesting to know just what percentage are in the best condition, or even in fair condition, for general use; certainly the percentage would not include all in the vicinity of this city, or even in old Strawberry Bank itself.

The movement for good roads, fostered in this state by able men, has so far progressed that in another decade, at least, we may expect to see fully ninety per cent. of New Hampshire's highways serving as a model for her sister states. There are many arguments for good roads, and in the old Granite state these have nearly all been many times repeated, until practically everyone has been brought to realize their full force and import.

The farmer knows that he needs them to bring his produce to market; the manufacturers of New Hampshire's multifold products know that they need good roads over which to haul the raw material and the finished product. The pleasure seekers who visit our state by the thousands every summer, leaving such a large sum of money behind them that the summer industry has come to be the greatest in the state, demand them, and the people of New Hampshire, fully cognizant of how much it is to their own interest to please, are going to give these folks the good roads that they demand.

As the first step in this line, a state aid law was passed by a wisely directed Legislature, so that now any town or city can take advantage of its provisions, which help, of course, not only the local district, but also all the people of the state.

Editor Ellis writes of this law in the Keene Sentinel:

"This is the second year of the new law. It was not passed in time to allow the proper machinery to be put in motion for the best results the first year. Something was done, however, in the way of a beginning, and this year much more is being accomplished. Up to date the state engineer reports that contracts have been let for improving the roads in seventy-six towns. In forty-seven others bids have been advertised for, and there are about fifty others in which work will be done but in which bids have not yet been sought. All that work means that many miles of road will be improved and it also means that the officials in the various towns will learn much about the building of highways. Not everyone will be satisfied, but there will be a noticeable betterment of the worst pieces of road."

"An automobilist who had been on a trip of many miles in Vermont and New Hampshire informed the writer a few days ago that the New Hampshire highways were generally superior to those of Vermont. He also said that one of the best pieces of road that he had seen in his travels was the one that was built in Hinsdale last year, under the new law. Such testimony is encouraging to the citizens of our state. It cheers us by leading us to think that we are not so great sinners, in the matter of roads, as some have painted us, and it also compels the belief that if

all the towns dealt with the new law as it deserves, appropriating the requisite money and heeding the advice of experts, there would be an improvement of the roads that would help the inhabitants of the towns as well as the stranger within their gates and the automobilist who may be passing through."

Editor Ellis is in a part of the state where the towns are taking hold of the new idea rather more than they are in this vicinity, and within ten miles, too, of the part where the summer residence owners have made their best showing. He has, therefore, the means of observing the effects of the law at close range, and knows whereof he speaks. Certainly the ocean boulevard, constructed under the approval of the state engineer, is a model piece of roadway in this part of New Hampshire, and it is certainly to be hoped that few years may be allowed to elapse before there is much more like it.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

Dolly went to walk one day in an automobile's way. Don't you think it rather jolly? She was only a rag dolly?

It looks as if Massachusetts meat markets were as rotten as the Massachusetts Legislature.

The hand of the press agent looms large in many a recent matrimonial entanglement of the stage.

It is daily being demonstrated that the great ones of the stage stop at nothing to advertise themselves.

Will John B. Moran get the Democratic nomination in the Hay state? Perhaps he will. It isn't worth much to the ordinary candidate.

Honduras has declared war on Guatemala. Most of us require recourse to the geography to find the exact location of these two nations, so that war is not only destructive, but also instructive.

Miss Helen Miller Gould wants it distinctly understood that she is not the one who was presented to the Pope at the same time Mrs. George Gould had her audience. Wonder what difference it makes?

Aeronaut Kid Owens had an experience at Lowell Saturday that few of us would care to go through; and yet it may truthfully be said that the dangers of the automobile and the trolley (witness Saturday's crash at Worcester) are sometimes as great as those of the air.

It has been decided in the courts that Bernard Shaw's play "Mrs. Warren's Profession" isn't criminal. Yet Mr. Shaw and the theatre managers have been treated exactly as if it were from the first, and now have no possibility of redress. Justice is certainly lacking somewhere.

Evidently Eljiah Sanford of Holy Ghost and its fame isn't as good a sea pilot as he is a sky pilot. His yacht went to pieces on the Maine coast the other day, and he now alleges that he has been divinely instructed to get another. The deluded people under him ought to let the divinity that gave the command furnish the money.

Try the following recipe and see if it's any use to you in avoiding New England's worst pest:

"Refrain from lighting the gas in your chamber, but turn it up full head in the hallway. Out go the pests to see what's on. Then you run to a neighboring spare room, and you shut them in. Thus you have not only made your own apartment tolerable—biologically, at least—but at the same time you've qualified yourself to keep your door open in to the hall and maintain ventilation."

OUR EXCHANGES

Song Of The Pearl

I was made for the smallest hands to press.

For the softest kiss and the still caress.

For the whispered peace of a night in June.

For tired eyes that watch the moon. I was made for grief and for hearts that break.

To passionate tears for the loved one's sake;

My soul is a mist, my heart a sea, And I pave the floors of eternity. —Archie Sullivan in Appleton's Magazine, July number.

What Maine Will Do

Many people are making predictions as to what Maine will do in the coming September elections. The Independent is going to predict that Governor Cobb will be elected by a slightly reduced vote over the average on off years, that the Second district will return Charles E. Littlefield to congress and that every Republi-

can candidate for office in Sagadahoc county will be elected.—Bath Independent.

Curiosity Likely

There is likely to be some curiosity about the "reforms" which Mr. Bryan would very much like to see in effect, and to secure which he is willing to run again for the presidency, if anybody asks him. They cannot be the old reforms, because he admits that the chief of these is dead, and that the Republicans stole the rest and thus vindicated the alleged principles of their opponents. Probably the reform which will please him most will be to turn over the presidential chair to him.—Portland Express.

An Official Testimonial

Hereafter the farmers will be allowed to make their own mail boxes, under government specifications, but the boxes will have to pass inspection and be marked, "Approved by the postmaster general." The new label ought to be a great testimonial for the rural carpenter.—Boston Globe.

One Way To Tell

"Do you think that absence really makes the heart grow fonder?" inquired the young man who was not a particularly welcome caller.

"I have never given the matter much consideration," was the young lady's response. "Suppose you stay away for five or six years and we'll see."—Pittsburg Post.

Where Animal Instinct Beats Reason

There is one lesson man with all his boasted wisdom might learn from animals and to his advantage, and that is to eat only when he is hungry. The last guide a man takes in his feeding is his appetite, whether as to time or food, yet the mission of appetite is to make a man eat as he needs to eat. Animals are wiser. If they do not feel well they do not eat.—Gardner Reporter-Journal.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRAVELING EXPENSES

President Roosevelt is to have \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses, unless the law officers of the government decide that there is anything in such an appropriation that violates the constitutional prohibition against changing the compensation of a president during his term of office. At any rate, a law will be on the statute books which will make possible such an appropriation for future presidents, without risk of defeat on a point of order, says the Manchester Mirror.

Why the appropriation should be considered unconstitutional is hard to see. President Roosevelt has already indicated his willingness to pay his personal expenses on his trips out of his own pocket. He does not think that he ought to pay the expenses of his secretaries and official companions, or of the guests who accompany him because of his official capacity. He is quite right about that, and, indeed, his personal expenses ought to be paid by the government in the same way.

A good deal of cheap talk has been indulged in at Washington over his appropriation. The sneers about "junkies" are little more than silly. Congressmen indeed should be the last persons to expect to even mention the word "junkie," unless perhaps they have undergone a complete change of heart and have given proof of it in a skeptical world by their acts. The President's trips through the country are of more interest to the public than they are to him. They are exceedingly expensive because of this very public character. The people will not let the railroad companies donate special trains in the future. The man that says the people won't get their money's worth in paying for these trips simply doesn't know the people. That's all.

The President's salary ought to be \$100,000 a year. He gets half that amount. Senator Gallinger has a bill calling for an advance to the larger sum. We believe the country's opinion is that it should pass.

WAS HERE IN 1902

Schooner Helen L. Martin Brought Lumber for Hampton River Bridge.

The three masted schooner Helen L. Martin, Capt. Murphy, which was totally wrecked on the Newfoundland coast while en route from Boston to Barwoodville, N. F., brought hard pine lumber to this port from Carabelle, Fla., in 1902 for the big Hampton River bridge.

American coasting vessels rarely venture as far north as Newfoundland and the loss of the Martin will prove a further discouragement to them.

The Isles of Shoals, with their romantic attractions, are calling ever increasing crowds of sojourners.

UNCLE SAM IMPATIENT

Tired Of Waiting For President Castro Of Venezuela

Washington, July 16.—In view of the determination of the state department to renew its demands upon the Venezuelan government for a settlement of the American claims against Venezuela, it is a matter of interest to note the precise status of those troublesome issues when negotiations were suspended in March, 1905. For the first time the Red Book discloses in terms the ultimatum laid down by the late secretary of state, John Hay, in an instruction to Mr. Bowen, dated March 10 of that year:

"The attitude of the Venezuelan government toward the government of the United States and towards the interests of its citizens who have suffered so grave and frequent wrongs arbitrarily committed by the government of Venezuela, require that justice should now be finally done, once for all. If the government of Venezuela finally declines to consent to an impartial arbitration insuring the rendition of complete justice to these injured parties, the government of the United States may be regretfully compelled to take such measures as it may find necessary to effect complete redress without resort to arbitration. The government of the United States stands committed to the principle of impartial arbitration, which can do justice to nobody, and if its moderate request is peremptorily refused it will be at liberty to resort to more vigorous measures, whether those measures shall include complete indemnification, not only for the citizens aggrieved, but for any expenses of the government of the United States which may attend their execution."

The Venezuelan answer rendered March 23, amounted to a rejection of the ultimatum, for it denied that Venezuela had any questions pending with the United States, and proposed the following interrogation: "Before giving further consideration to Mr. Hay's note, the Venezuelan government states that it must know whether the United States respects the methods and nobility of the Venezuelan courts."

Mr. Bowen adds that the answer is unyielding and requires no further ultimatum. Perhaps the explanation for the rather defiant attitude which the Venezuelan government occupies to this day, so far as the official correspondence shows, is to be found in a paraphrase of a telegram from Minister Bowen to the secretary of state reporting that Senator James Paul, President Castro's private representative who was then in Washington, actively cultivating public sentiment in this country adverse to the asphalt claims, had called directly to President Castro that the United States government would not answer Mr. Bowen, or if it did, would give him conciliatory instructions.

WILLIAMS SAYS YES

But Secretary Loeb Insists That Gentleman is Wrong

New York, July 16.—Before sailing Saturday for London John Sharpe Williams, minority leader in the House of Representatives, gave it as his opinion that President Roosevelt would consent to run again. "I think," said Mr. Williams, "that the President is planning it so that he will be forced to make the race. The President rather reminds me of the old lady of Saragossa, who hung about, asking when the gentlemen were going to begin the kissing, as she wanted to be there."

Mr. Williams declared that "W. J. Bryan is the logical candidate of the Democratic party."

He denied a report that he had refused to serve on the reception committee which will welcome Mr. Bryan in New York next month.

Loeb Says No

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 16.—When the interview of John Sharpe Williams was shown to Mr. Loeb, secretary to the President on Saturday, Mr. Loeb said:

"The President meant exactly what he said on the night of his election, that he would not be a candidate again for the office. That statement is irrevocable."

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Mrs. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children feeding, it soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

LAWN PARTY TUESDAY EVENING

The beautiful grounds of Christ Church will be the scene of a merry gathering on Tuesday evening when

a lawn party will be given under the auspices of the vestry and the various ladies' guilds of the parish. The attractions will be numerous and varied, including an art exhibition, concerts, dancing and other features.

The steamer May Archer now leaves this city for its first trip to The Shoals at eight o'clock in the morning.

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WANTED—A bookkeeper and stenographer; must be good pen woman. Address B, Chronicle Office. —chj14-21

LOST—The young man on the bicycle who picked up the lady's shawl on the boulevard near the Ocean Wave House, will be rewarded if he will return it to the Ocean Wave House.

WANTED—Twenty first-class carpenters and twenty brick layers, non-union. Steady employment and good pay to competent men. Write or call on The Tracy Bros. Co., Waterbury, Conn. —chj9-2w

I PAY spot cash for old feather beds, old carpets, old silverware, plated ware, powder, antique furniture, etc. Address "Feathers," this office. —chj7-121

AGENTS for "Gloria" the wonderful new drink. Gives youthful vigor. Half a day of new life in every drink. Drink Gloria. C. E. Boynton, Tel. —chj12-13w

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. —cha181f

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. —cha161f

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. —cha151f

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. —cha151f

ELECTRIC motor for sale. Inquire at this office. —M9c11f

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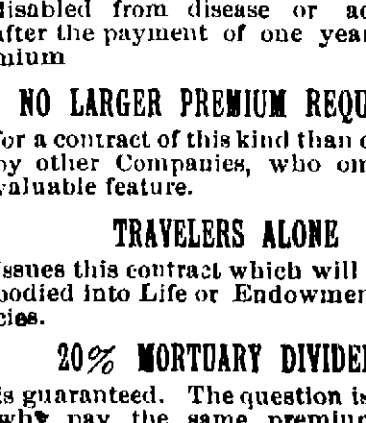
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CAFSTICK'S, ROGERS STREET.

VARIETY OF BASEBALL

Provided By York Beach And Portsmouth

IN GAME ON PORTSMOUTH FIELD ON SATURDAY

Pretty nearly every variety of baseball was provided by the York Beach and Portsmouth teams at Portsmouth Field on Saturday afternoon. York Beach gave a somewhat more artistic performance than the home team and in consequence won six to four.

At times there was brilliant work in the field and at other times the players showed a tendency to fall over themselves. Part of the time, the game was a pitcher's battle and but for errors it might have been entirely a game of that character after the second inning. The ball was hit hard and viciously in two or three instances, but neither the safe hit nor total base figures were very impressive at the end. Six with a total of six was Portsmouth's record, while York Beach made seven with a total of nine.

Hazelton, the Dartmouth youngster, was nearly as much a puzzle to Portsmouth as he proved to be in



CHEAP BUTTER

IS OLEO'S BEST FRIEND.

As long as people clamor for something cheap we shall have adulterated food.

We do not make cheap butter. We do make butter of extra good quality and deliver it while it has all its original flavor and aroma.

PURE CREAM IN ANY QUANTITY.

Philip Farms Creamery,
ELIOT, ME.

23

THAT'S OUR NUMBER.

When you call us on telephone you'll not get "Skidoo" or the "Hook," but

GRAY & PRIME
who will give prompt service and send you the best coal mined. Try it

THOMAS E. CALL & SON

— DEALER IN —

Eastern and Western

LUMBER

Shingles, Clapboards, Pickets, Etc.
for Cash at Lowest Market Prices.

Market Street, - - Portsmouth, N. H.

Lakes in the Clouds

Reached Only by the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Specific Rates to
Pacific Coast and Other Points
until Sept. 15th.

Write P. R. PERRY, D. P. A.,

362 Washington St.,

BOSTON.

the game at York Beach on July 10. To be sure, he was a bit wild and a trifle ineffective at the start, but in the last seven innings he allowed but two hits and these did not come together.

Horace Rowe could not be blamed for the loss of the game to Portsmouth. One of Hazelton's two baggers and a single by Grebenstein, netting two runs, were made after a chance to retire the side had been lost in the third inning. Rowe fielded his position finely.

The first inning was a bad one all around. A base on balls, a wild pitch and three errors in succession gave York Beach two runs without a hit. Portsmouth retaliated by scoring three, a dropped third strike, the hitting of Meader by Hazelton, a base on balls and two hits being the contributing causes. Two more hits and an error in the second gave Portsmouth another tally and here the scoring ended, as far as the home team was concerned.

With two out in the third, an error followed by two hits, one of them a double, enabled York Beach to tie the score. An earned run in the sixth put the visitors in the lead and in the ninth they added another to their total.

The batting of Hazelton, the fielding of Richardson and Rowe, the throwing of Poole to second and the all-around work of Hanson were the realties of the game.

The tabulated score:

York Beach									
		A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
McLane c.....	3	0	0	8	1	1			
Parks 1b.....	3	0	0	10	2	1			
Richardson ss.....	2	2	0	5	1	0			
Grebenstein 3b.....	4	1	1	0	2	0			
Hazelton p.....	4	1	2	0	4				
Becket rf.....	4	0	1	2	0				
Smith lf.....	4	1	2	1	0	0			
Wire cf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0			
Lacasse 2b.....	4	0	1	0	4	0			
		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Portsmouth		AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Hanson ss.....	4	2	1	5	1	0	
Meador 1b.....	2	1	1	10	1	0	
Powers 3b.....	4	0	0	1	1	1	
Locke rf.....	4	1	1	0	0	0	
Jones lf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0	
Lynskey 2b.....	4	0	2	2	2	1	
Hersey cf.....	4	0	1	1	0	0	
Poole c.....	4	0	0	3	6	1	
Rowe p.....	3	0	0	1	6	0	

*Wire out for not touching third base; Lacasse out, hit by batted ball.

Innings.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

York Beach.....2 0 0 1 0 0 1—6

Portsmouth.....3 1 0 0 0 0 0—4

Two base hits—Hazelton 2. Sacrifice hit—Wire. Stolen bases—Powers 2, Grebenstein, Hazelton, Beck.

ct, Hanson, Lynskey. Struck out—Hazelton 3, Rowe 3. First base on balls—Rowe 3, Hazelton 2. Earned runs—York Beach 3, Portsmouth 2.

Runs—York Beach 3, Portsmouth 2.

Wild pitch—Rowe. Passed ball—Poole. Hit by pitched ball—Meader.

Umpire—Harding. Time—1h. 55m.

BOSTON YACHT CLUB

Fleet Of Fifty Now At The Isles Of Shoals

The Boston Yacht Club fleet, numbering about fifty boats, is now at the Isles of Shoals, and will leave this morning for Cape Porpoise.

The fleet includes over forty sailing yachts, and eight or ten steam yachts and motor craft.

A fine day's run was enjoyed with a good breeze.

The first arrival was the third class yacht Cluque, which came in shortly after one o'clock.

All the yachts were in by four o'clock.

In the second class the first yacht to arrive was the Nutmeg, and in the first class the Skyessa.

Last night the fleet was brilliantly illuminated.

MEN SENT TO HOSPITAL

Members of New Jersey's Crew Put Ashore for Treatment

The battleship New Jersey, which entered the harbor on Saturday afternoon, landed three members of her crew, who were taken to the Naval Hospital for treatment.

Henry Tatro, ship's cook, is suffering from an affection of the lungs, Alfred Steward, seaman, is afflicted with a malady of the liver, and Vincent Scezepanski, coal passer, has a fracture of the right leg.

When the New Jersey was here a short time ago, two others of her crew were sent to the hospital. Both are now rapidly recovering and will soon rejoin the ship.

The New Jersey sailed on Saturday afternoon.

DROWNED ON SUNDAY

First Fatality Of Season, At York Beach

WIFE SAW A. H. ASHTON SINK TO DEATH

A. H. Ashton of Rochester, N. Y., was drowned while bathing off Long Beach, York, on Sunday. It was one of the saddest fatalities in the history of the town.

Mr. Ashton, a strong swimmer, was one of a party of surf bathers and ventured far out from the shore. His wife, with many others, was watching him when he suddenly threw up both arms and then disappeared.

Other swimmers hurried to his assistance and a boat was launched, but aid came too late.

The body was quickly recovered and brought to the shore, but all attempts to resuscitate the man were vain.

Mr. Ashton and his wife were guests at Hotel Hiawatha. On Sunday, Mr. Ashton joined a party of bathers from the hotel, but left his companions and ventured far out beyond the breakers. It is thought he was seized by cramps, the result of remaining too long in the water.

The situation of Mrs. Ashton is most distressing. Her only acquaintances at the hotel are those made since her arrival there and she is left practically alone.

Her grief was terrible. When told that her husband was dead she became frantic and wept uncontrollably. Every possible kindness was shown her, but little comfort could be given her.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our Harbor July 14 and 15

Arrived Saturday

United States battleship New Jersey, Rockland, Me.

Tug Sweepstakes, Meridith, Boston, towing barge Elk Garden.

Tug Tacony, Brown, Newburyport, towing barge Woodbury.

Tug Portsmouth, Perkins, Boston, with barges.

Arrived Sunday

Tug Tacony, Brown, Portland, towing barge Haverford.

Tug Portsmouth, Perkins, Boston, with barges.

Steam yachts Machigonne, Cayuga, Vothra, Cigarette and Juanita; schooner yachts Clio and Glenesk; yawl yacht Julnar, sloop yacht Harpoon.

Cleared Saturday

United States collier Hannibal, New York.

Barge Upton, South Amboy.

Sailed Saturday

Schooner Lizzie J. Call, Garland, Augusta, Me., and New York.

Tug Portsmouth, Perkins, Boston, towing barges.

Tug Tacony, Brown, Portland.

Sailed Sunday

United States battleship New Jersey, Rockport, Mass.

Tug Tacony, Brown, South Amboy, towing barges Haverford, Upton and Woodbury.

Wind Saturday, southerly, light.

Wind Sunday, southerly, light.

Telegraphic Shipping Notes

Chatham, July 15—Passed, barges Bravo, Perth Amboy for Portsmouth; No. 6, Portsmouth for Baltimore.

Movements of Piscataqua Vessels

Schooner Annie F. Conlon, Seaward, has sailed from Richmond, Me., for Philadelphia; schooner Lizzie J. Call, Garland, has sailed from Exeter for Augusta; schooner Thomas B. Garland, Nickerson, has sailed from Salem for Long Cove, Me.; schooner Jonathan Sawyer, Reynolds, has arrived at Philadelphia from Stonington, Me.; schooner J. Frank Seavey is en route from Perth Amboy for Biddeford; schooner John Bracowell, Benson, is at New York; schooner Wilson and Willard is at Calais.

Notes

The steam yacht Navis, owned for years by Frank Jones and later by the Massachusetts Contracting Company, has been purchased by Charles Plummer of Portland. She was built at Brewer, Me., in 1894, is of twenty-nine tons and fifty-eight feet long.

The twelve-ton sloop Scud of Newburyport, which has been hauled up at the South End for the past six months, has been purchased by a Portsmouth man and will be converted into a houseboat and moored in the lower harbor at Clark's Island.

The Scud was built at Bristol, Me., in 1872.

It is reported that Barrett Wendell is to change his sloop yacht Clytie into a houseboat. Mr. Wendell, who owns a cottage at New Castle, has purchased the big knockabout Bandersnatch, which has been kept for a number of years in Little Harbor, as the property of a guest at the Wentworth.

Capt. T. B. Hoyt has got his able seagoing launch May in first class condition and under the command of D. E. Gilchrist she is to be employed at the Wentworth House during the Summer.

OUT OF COMMISSION

Famous Craft Bug-A-Boo Placed In The Dry Dock

The sporting blood of the Haystacks Club members got a bad chill on Saturday when they learned that Skipper Andrea J. Geddie, the owners of the crew of the Bug-A-Boo, placed the craft out of commission and shipped himself as first mate on the tug William Kemp of Portland.

There will be no more records for the crack fishermen, who were members of the crew of the Bug-A-Boo and with much feeling they gaze up on the famous craft, as she sets high and dry on her stocks.

AT THE NAVY YARD

One wireman, one electrical mechanic and one electrician's helper were called to lay (Monday) in the equipment department.

Frank Gustafson, W. H. Palfrey and H. Childs reported for duty this (Monday) morning in the steam engineering boiler shop.

Robert Magill, a former clerk in the department of construction and repair and who also served as a yeoman here, is the guest of Calvin L. Hayes of Kittery. Mr. Magill is now employed as a clerk in the New York custom house.

George Swinnerton, foreman carpenter for Stone and Triest on the administration building, has concluded his duties here and entered the employ of John Pierce and Company of New York.

The Boston and New York Contracting Company has finished the contract for the excavation on Seavey's Island, where the boiler shop will be built. The firm is now shipping its tools and stock to Rosindale, Mass.

Some queer stories are now in circulation regarding the sinking of the dredger at Henderson's Point. Some way or other, there seems to be a hood-doo at this place that ought to be lifted.

Pay Inspector J. A. Mudd, on duty at the general store here, is mentioned as likely to succeed Paymaster General H. T. B. Harris as chief of the bureau of supplies and accounts.

Isles of Shoals STEAMER

Time Table - - Season of 1906

Commencing June 27, 1906

Subject to change without further notice

PORTSMOUTH and ISLES OF SHOALS
HOTELS APPELORE and OCEANIC

Steamer May Archer

A finely equipped new boat

Leaves Portsmouth, wharf foot of Den Street for Isles of Shoals, at 8:00 and 11:20 a. m. and 5:50 p. m. Sundays, at 10:45 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.

RETURNING

Leaves Appledore and Oceanic Hotels Isles of Shoals, for Portsmouth, at 6:00 and 9:15 a. m. and 3:25 p. m. Sundays, at 8:45 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.

Fare for Round Trip 50cts.

Good on day of issue only.

FARE ONE WAY 50 Cts.

PROPOSALS will be received at the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., until 10 O'CLOCK A. M., July 31, 1906, and publicly opened immediately thereafter, to furnish at the navy yard, Portsmouth, N. H., a quantity of naval supplies, as follows: Sch. 14: Hinges, sheet lead—Sch. 15: Paper center, rubber matting. Applications for proposals should designate the schedules desired by number. Blank proposals will be furnished upon application to the navy pay office, Portsmouth, N. H., or to the Bureau, H. T. B. HARRIS, Paymaster-General U. S. N. 7-9-06

FOR TEN YEARS

We have been engaged in the Monumental, Granite and Marble Business in the neighboring city of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterville, Me. During this time we have set considerable monumental work in Portsmouth and surrounding towns. Now that we have located in Portsmouth, we shall endeavor to build up the same large volume of trade here that we have at our other shops, by the same business principles, viz., High Grade Work at Reasonable Prices. Call and inspect our stock. We are now quoting special prices.

FRED C. SMALLEY,

Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to Thos. G. Lester,

NO. 2 WATER STREET.

Diary of a Clothier.

Thursday, July 12.

Circus day. Big crowds came in from nearby towns and as there was no circus parade many spent the time usually occupied in waiting and watching for it in looking at our "big show" of Men's and Boys' Wearing Apparel. Those who bought some of our mid-season mark-down suits made more

than their day's expenses, as few of them saved less than five dollars.

Friday, July 13.

Today's arrivals in our store include some bargains and novelties in Summer Shirts. Notable among them are some "Mohairs" and "soft collared" ones at one dollar and two dollars each.

HENRY PEYSER & SON,

"Selling the Togs of the Period."

OUTING SHOES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Bicycle Shoes and Yachting Oxfords in Black.

Tan and White.

Barefoot Sandals in All Sizes.

The White Shoe Store,

Duncan & Storer

5 MARKET ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

LEAVE YOUR BUNDLES.

We Know we can save you money on a goods in our line.
We Know we carry the best goods obtainable.
We Know of no better way to make money than to save it by buying of us.
We Know if you're not a customer of ours that if you'll only give us a trial you'll continue to buy.

Our Best Vermont Creamery Butter
25 Cents Lb.

BETTER THAN BOUGHT ELSEWHERE.

AMES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,
35 Congress Street,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Our Line For Spring

Includes A Fine Assortment Of

Foreign and Domestic
Suits
in Plain and Fancy
in all the
Leading Shades

Clays and Domestic Serges,
Unfinished Worrieds,
Cheviots, Vestings in
Wool and Silk
Cotton and Linen Duck.

MILITARY AND NAVAL TAILORING

CHARLES J. WOOD.

5 Pleasant Street.

"BATHASWEET"

"BATHASWEET" RICE POWDER

Best toilet powder. Antiseptically pure. Relieves sunburn and chafing. Best for baby.

25c THE BOX

A Perfumed Luxury For the BATH

Softens Hard Water. Better than Perfume. 25 baths 25cents

A New Hotel at the Old Stand

\$250,000 has just been spent

Remodeling, Refurnishing,
and Redecorating the

HOTEL EMPIRE

Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.
NEW YORK CITY.

Restaurant and Service Unexcelled

Splendid Location

Most Modern Improvements

All surface cars pass or transfer to door

Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes

Hotel fronting on three streets

Electric Clocks, Telephones and

Automatic Lighting Devices in every room

Moderate Rates

MUSIC

W. Johnson Quinn, Proprietor

Send for guide of New York—Free

That Fawn Coat.

The shock was tremendous almost unrealizable! How could he now go through with the introduction awaiting them at the other end of this on-coming two hours' railway journey? How could he let the matter welcome her new future "daughter" while the girls gushed over their fresh "sister," with the knowledge of Lynette's treachery at his heart and the proof of it in his cigarette case?

It wasn't fair to his people, and yet he couldn't have two kit-bags and a dress basket hauled out of the luggage van when the train was due to start in less than a quarter of an hour!

"To L. from eternally thy Emil!" Those awful words written across the portrait of a fierce-mustached, fierce-eyed Frenchman a portrait which Lynette Holcombe had unknowingly whipped out of the pocket of her fawn travelling coat, and which now rested in her lover's cigarette case!

Bernard King's face grew formidable, his eyes blazed ominously through slumberousness, and his jaw took an alarmingly pronounced curve as he watched Lynette (looking unquestionably adorable in a distracting new fawn travelling coat lined with cerise, worn with a tragically becoming new cerise toque) as she leaned out of the railway carriage window, making an injudicious fashion and feline selection from the bookstall boy's tray.

"Are you sure you have all you want?" he asked politely, as he took advantage of his masculine privilege, and paid. The politeness was of the sort that grates Miss Holcombe returned to her seat. "If you are going to speak to me as if I were a new client, and glare at me like you glare at opposing counsels, I don't think I have," she replied semi-sarcastically. "I had contemplated talking to you between here and Severbridge," she continued, "but with those two lines of just over your nose I think I had better road! Bernie, I do believe you are in a bad temper! I've often imagined what you'd be like in a bad temper!"

"And does realization come up to expectation?" replied Bernard, with an effort at banter.

Lynette looked troubled. "I wonder why you are almost cross?" she mused. "It's either that you are angry because we got to the



"As she leaned out of the carriage window."

station in comfortable time (I know men always like to dash in just as a train's starting, with the unlabeled luggage left looking after them on the platform), or because you think your people won't like my new hat and—er—coat."

"My people have quite excellent taste even though they live a hundred and twenty miles out of London, therefore the latter theory falls to the ground; while, as regards the former, well, as long as I'm with you it—er—wouldn't much matter if I were waiting all day in an unadorned 'smoker,' or—er—"

Mr. King broke off abruptly. For half a moment just when two tender gray eyes met his own, he had forgotten that frustrating proof of infamy lying among his cigarettes! (Oh, how could she, how could she when he had so entirely loved her!) Lynette laid down Woman's Whirls, and under cover of the travelling rug, put her gloved hand quite conveniently for taking purposes. It was such a pressing matter!

Bernard succumbed to force of habit and other things!

"Where's Mikado? I thought you were going to bring him with you," he said, alluding to Lynette's pocket-sized Japanese spaniel in order to fill the conversational gap.

There was no reply for a moment, and then Lynette, who made a point of never losing her composure if she could possibly keep it, stammered out a half-inaudible chaos of words, while blushing very little less brilliant than the cerise silk lining of her coat, suffused the fair flower of her face.

"Oh! I er—he—er—might be in the way, so I put him—er—left him—didn't bring him, you know."

Why this extraordinary confusion concerning a small dog? What did it all mean?

Bernard released the hand he had taken from force of habit, looked gloomily out of the window, and wondered what connection a Japanese spaniel could have with a fierce-mustached Frenchman who signed himself "eternally thy Emil." Suddenly the lock-picks of his English composure opened wide—longer restraint was impossible. "For heaven's sake, Lynette, tell me—who is 'Emil'?"

Miss Holcombe raised her delicate brows with dutiful hauteur.

Your methods of enquiry, lament

during a railway journey bid fair to be peculiar," she replied distantly. "Preparation in a case like this is useless," thundered Bernard. "Even you cannot tell me that you do not know what I mean! Who is this—this Emil with mustaches like—a patent pipe-cleaner?"

"Considering I have never known seen or spoken to an 'Emil,' to the best of my belief, I can only think



"For heaven's sake, tell me—who is 'Emil'?"

that stress of professional work must have caused some temporary mental aberration on your part. Kindly open the door for me—I wish to go and find the paper boy, as it is evident I shall require a large selection of reading matter during this journey, which, out of courtesy to your family, cannot very well be put off. No, thanks, I prefer to get them myself. . . . Be good enough to let me pass. . . . Thanks."

Although he knew he was very much in the right, Bernard experienced the humiliating sensation of feeling very much in the wrong as his fiancée swept past him with that unseeing gaze which women practice with such disconcerting effect on "mere men."

How dare she! How dare she dare to

Bernard King's mental query remained forever unfulfilled. His eyes became fixed with a stare of bewildered rage on—yes, on "EMIL!"

To make assurance doubly sure, the condemning photograph was dashed out of the cigarette case and compared with the face and figure of a man carrying a small basket, who, after looking anxiously up and down the platform, suddenly caught sight of Miss Holcombe's fawn-clad back as she bent over the bookstall youth, and then without a second's further delay nestled her with a sweeping bow of overdone continental elegance.

Yes, pointed nose, pointed ears, pointed mustache, pointed beard, and fierce eyes, the same! "EMIL!"

"To L. from eternally thy Emil!"

With rage that was almost stupefying in its effect Bernard King just looked out of the window and watched "Emil" slip a note into his (Bernard's) ex-seventy-five-cent hand; watched her relieve him of the basket, watched her open and skim hurriedly through the letter, and then, with a few rapid words, a bow and a smile, turn away. In another moment she was once more seated under the larger half of the travelling rug, while with a shriek from the engine—it sounded almost like expropriation at a woman's treachery! they steamed out of the station. "Shall I put your basket on the rack?" Lynette started from a reverie which was very gray, to judge from the drawn puckers of her delicate brows, and blushed for the second time in twenty minutes.

"Oh, no! no! I'll nurse him—er—"

The basket finished the lame explanation by commencing to bark!

In another second the fastening was withdrawn, and a tiny wriggling ball of black canine fluff was almost exhaustingly its wealth of dog devotion in welcoming its mistress.

In grim silence Bernard watched; then, when Mikado was comfortably tucked away under the fawn coat, he said in a terribly audible voice:

"A dog can forgive a man cannot! Unfortunately, what? . . . Miss Holcombe, to save you any further



"In grim silence Bernard watched, necessarily for er—misleading facts, it may be well for me to mention that I witnessed your assignation a moment ago, likewise your reception of a billet-doux and a dog; and I would also add that, owing to the existence of this portrait, which you accidentally dropped from your coat pocket, I was able to identify the gentleman who appears to have taken temporary charge of Mikado as—eternally thy Emil!" Miss Holcombe made no reply save to bury her flower-face on the tiny ball of black canine fluff. (Was she laughing? Was she crying—or both?) Bernard wished she'd answer a man cannot grapple with a silent woman.

"Have you nothing to say, Miss Holcombe?"

Feeling like a man who closes the golden gates of his own bright future land, Bernard King took "Emil's" fatal letter from Lynette's outstretched hand, and read as follows:

"Dear Madam—"

"Regarding our transaction arranged by the 'Exchange and Mart' column of Woman's Whirls, I fear I shall have to ask you to send either

a check for £6 8s. or a dining room carpet, instead of your Japanese spaniel which I received in exchange for my once-worn fawn travelling coat lined with cerise silk. The poor little animal is evidently fretting and pining so terribly that it would be cruelly to keep him, so remembering your request, I called in time to wear when catching the 2.10 train to Severbridge to-day. I have asked my husband to bring Mikado to the terminus in order that you may be able to take him away with you.

"Years very truly,
"Lucy Le Greniere."

P. S.—By the bye, I believe I left a portrait of my husband taken during our engagement in one of the pockets? Would you kindly send that by return? Pray pardon the sentimentality of a wife!

"You see," sounded a girlish voice, high and clear above the roar of the train, "I had come to the end of my quarter's dress allowance, and wanted a new smart travelling coat to wear when I went to see your people, so I was disloyal enough to part with my one little true, faithful and believing friend, in order to please another who only doubted me! I have been punished, and Mikado—my little d-d-dear Mikado—is avenged! Oh, d-d-doggie d-d-dear!"

Quite a long silence before Bernard felt his collar grow looser, but then—

"Oh, my sweet, my darling heart, be merciful! Lynette, Lynette! for



"For the sake of all there has been, forgive me."

the sake of all that has been, and all that can be, forgive me!"

"What do you say, Mikado? Shall I forgive him as you have forgiven me?"

Quite deliberately England's little canine ally quitted his cerise silk port, and, with a series of wriggles and barks, leaped on to Bernard's knee.

"I—I think Mikado has decided," was all Lynette said. The Lady's Realm.

Sailing Vessels on the Lakes.

"Sailing vessels on the Great Lakes will soon be nothing more than a memory," said Capt. D. P. Crane, who commanded the big one carrying steel boat the Socapa. "I have sailed the Lakes for thirty-six years, and I think I fitted out the last sailing boat of any size built on the Lakes. There are a few sailing boats on the Lakes yet, but their number grows less each year. The fact is, the sailing boat can not compete with the big steamers. It was a big vessel that used to carry 1,100 tons, and it took two or three days to unload. The Socapa carried 10,000 tons and was unloaded in four hours and forty minutes."

"The tendency is to build larger boats all the time. The biggest craft afloat on the Lakes in 1905 was 598 feet over deck."

"Within the last few years many of the old steel barges have been cut into two parts and have had a seventy or eighty foot section inserted in their centers, but this makes them disproportionately long. Of course, these boats can go no further than Lake Erie, as they are both too long and too wide to pass through the locks of the Welland Canal. Some big boats destined for ocean ports have gone through this canal by being cut into sections and fitted with bulkheads, but this is rarely resorted to on account of the expense, which is greater with a wooden than with a steel vessel."

Humanity and Machinery.

Machinery is the cornerstone of modern society, the very foundation on which law, science, ethics, the arts, even the state itself, rests. It is so new that we do not yet know its poetry. We do not yet understand. Only two generations have lived beside the highway of steam, only one has seen the Bessemer converter transform the blacksmith into the master builder of ships and towers. The sewing machine, the far speaker, the typewriter, are common things to-day, and yet are they teachers of the people. Machines that come close to our lives and home insensibly teach truth, precision, the adjustment of universal laws to human needs, respect for that wise American idea that labor saved is labor released for higher and nobler toil. The machine is the head master in the high school of the race. The Reader.

What Spanish Titles Cost.

Spain has 690,000 titled persons; that is to say, about one in every thirty-eight inhabitants. But such titles are held as little more than by the original peerage of the country. These are known as the grandees, and form an aristocracy entirely of birth, some of them like our old landed gentry having no handles at all to their names, and yet entirely refusing to mix even with dukes of new creation. To become a Spanish baron £400 is sufficient. A viscount costs double that amount, while to be made a count a payment of £1,200 is necessary. London Tit-Bits.

Miss Kerrison's Heart.

By Edwin Pugh.

When I heard that Tom Frisby was married the news came as a great shock to me. I asked Jack Goney, my informant, "Is he married much?"

"Oh, frightfully!" said Goney.

"Who is the creature?" I inquired, after a tense pause.

And when he replied, "The eldest Miss Carruthers," I was more shocked than ever. That Lillian—my beautiful, wild white dove—should consent to become a mere tame domestic fowl—and for Tom Frisby's sake, sake, galled my sensibilities. I remembered how I had laid the offering of my own unfledged affections at her feet, and how she had danced on the elaborate embroidery of words in which I had clothed my passionate avowal.

"Ah, can nothing induce you to listen?" I had cried.

"Another man might," she had answered cruelly.

And another man had, it seemed; and that man, Tom Frisby.

Of course, my love for her was dead, and even if it had still lingered on, this last mortal blow to my self-esteem would have slain it. I have nothing to say against Tom Frisby. I happen to know that he wears bed-socks; but I suppose a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will, as Bacon says quaintly, even though his circulation be as indelicately defective as Tom Frisby's. The thing that grieved me most was the dismal pitifulness of it all.

"I shall go and see them," I told Goney.

"They are well worth seeing," he nodded, "I'll come with you, if you like."

And so we went together.

I found that Lillian no, Mrs. Frisby, was already by way of becoming a social success. She was developing into that dreadful thing, an ideal hostess. She was obtrusively tactful and offensively managing. It was said of her that she had a knack of bringing the right people together, which, being interpreted, means that she stooped to pair off her guests as if they had been vases.

Frisby himself was bolsterously happy and rosy content and, moreover, most beautifully trained to obey his wife's slightest word. He invited us into his den, a cupboard over the pantry, to drink inferior Italian vermouth, and having got there, he at once proceeded to patronize us.

"Ah," he said, "you will find your affinity some day."

"Which of us do you mean?" asked Goney, with creditable hauteur.

"Both of you," he smiled.

"If both of us find my affinity," said I, "there will be trouble."

But he was in no wise disconcerted. He merely wagged his fat head at us and said: "We must look out for a wife for you."

To which Goney replied, obviously plagiarizing me, of course: "We would rather have one apiece, Frisby, if we must marry, and you don't mind."

"I think there are enough girls to go round," said Frisby.

And from that moment began the unconscionable tirade against our cloistered bachelorhood, in which Frisby and his wife took a meddlesome part, and which terminated in the lamentable contretemps that it is the purpose of this story to detail. She, of course, was the more subtle sinner.

"I was in Bond Street the other day," she said to me one afternoon, "and—er—silly—I saw such a lot of people."

"London," I remarked, "is dreadfully overpopulated—especially during the season."

"I saw you," said she.

"I am awfully conspicuous, I know," said I; and then I asked her, "What was I doing?"

And I confessed that it was my favorite occupation.

"You were not alone," she went on.

"It is a fact that I suffer from more friends than I have any real use for," I sighed.

"If you are in the habit of speaking of them like that, I don't think you deserve any at all," said she.

"I don't," said I. "I have done nobody any harm."

There was a little pause, and then she said gently: "Mr. Craven, don't you think that yours is a very useless sort of life?"

"It is useful to me," I murmured meekly.

"You waste so much of your time."

"It might be money," I pointed out.

"Perhaps it is, as well. . . . You keep bad hours."

"But which are the bad hours, Mrs. Frisby?"

"As if I knew!" she exclaimed.

"You smoke a great deal, too. You go to music halls. You belong to too many clubs."

"But I only frequent the others," I urged in extenuation.

"I wish I could imbue you with some worthier ideals," she sighed.

"Ah, it is too late now," I said with feeling.

"But," she protested, "I . . . there are other women in the world."

And then Tom Frisby broke in on us very importunately, and our pleasant little chat came to an untimely end.

But that night I sat late with Frisby. His wife had gone on from the theatre to a reception somewhere; and he could not go because he was

suffering from one of those minor ailments which seem only to afflict the victims of matrimony.

It was our cruel whisky-and-soda, and we were talking as man to man. We had been telling each other that we were both rather blackguards really, but deuced fine fellows notwithstanding, and we were consequently in a fine glow of self-satisfaction.

"One thing I've forgotten to say to you," he remarked. "It really is serious."

"Serious for whom?" I asked.

He paused, and then, dramatically, "For her," he said.

I dropped the poker into the fender with a crash. "For her!" I repeated. "What are you driving at?"

"Perhaps I ought not to have broached the subject," he faltered.

"You haven't," said I.

"It's not fair to her," he jerked out. "And yet it's all due to that odious trick you have of talking to every woman you meet as if she were the only one of her sex in the world."

"I don't think they find that particularly odious," said I.

"But lookers-on do," said he. "And it is a bit rough on 'em, you know, old chap. Of course we who understand you know it's only your way, but girls—innocent, young, unsophisticated—"

I rose also. "Good night," I said abruptly, offering my hand.

"I'll tell you her name, then," said he. "It's little Miss Kerrison—if you must know."

"Oh," said I, rather disappointed. "I know—the girl who is so awfully conscious of her profile."

"My wife's cousin," he said stiffly.

"And you mean to say that foolish chit is in love with me?"

"Oh, come! Well, I suppose so. But confound your complacency, anyhow!"

"Poor thing!" I murmured. "Poor, silly thing! Pretty, too! Well, what would you advise me to do about it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't presume to advise at all," he replied.

"Best way, I suppose, would be to put her out of her misery at once," said I.

"There are worse girls than Nina Kerrison," he said.

"But do you think they would suit me better?" I asked him.

"No," said he. "You are not so bad."

"You overwhelm me," I observed, "with those touching tokens of your sympathy."

And then we talked of other matters.

But somehow I could not get the image of Nina Kerrison out of my mind. It was not a very distinct image, for I had never troubled to consider Nina—I already thought of her as Nina—very critically. I seemed to remember that we had bored one another consummately whenever we had been thrown together. Yet now this weak, susceptible madd who worshipped me, as it appeared, from afar, had suddenly become the most interesting woman in the world.

I had had not the least intention of going to the Chandlers' dance the following evening, but now I determined to go after all, since Miss Kerrison was bound to be there, and it were best to get this painful business over at once.

In the conservatory I made out a dim, rounded form in filmy white, and came face to face with Nina Kerrison. She sat there motionless, her hands in her lap, as if awaiting her fate in the person of myself.

"All alone?" I said, lightly.

"I prefer to be alone," she said hastily, and rose as if to go.

But I understood what an infinity of meaning the studied coyness of her words would have fain concealed, and I whispered, "Please don't forsake me. I—I came here to look for you."

"Why?" she asked. A most awkward question!

"Why?" I repeated slowly, to gain time. "Oh, because those people in there bore me. And you—you never do that, Miss Kerrison."

"Well, it is something to be a harbor of refuge," she remarked.

"Thank you. Then, by the way, is it really true, this time, that I am to congratulate you?"

"On my good fortune in finding you here, do you mean? Why, certainly," I said.

"I did not mean that," she replied.

"I meant that—that—well, the usual rumor is out concerning you."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "But which of the usual rumors do you refer to?"

"There is only one—isn't there—that is commonly linked with the name of an eligible young bachelor. But is it true?"

"Believe me," I assured her. "It is not true."

"I am so glad!" she breathed softly. "Poor girl! At least—that is—"

She would have covered up her indiscretion, but, perceiving that it was now too late, she paused abruptly and laid into silence.

"Why are you glad?" I asked. I had not intended to proceed on exactly those lines, but I found it difficult to be sufficiently brutal now that the necessity confronted me.

"Oh," she drawled, with a woeful affectation of indifference, "I think, as the song says, 'You are over young to marry yet, you know.'"

I admit I was a little piqued. "When I say that what you have heard is not true," I explained, "I meant that, so far, nothing is actually settled, you understand."

"There is some one, then?" I murmured.

"I wonder what your wife will be like," she went on presently. "I do hope she will be a nice, helpful sort

of girl, and not a mere society butterfly—like me."

"If she were like you—" I began, and stopped.

"She won't be," said Miss Kerrison quickly.

My heart ached for her. "One so seldom marries the woman one wants to," I observed, for I was wishing to spare her as much as possible.

"You know," she explained, "that the object of our first fancy is so seldom the person to make us truly happy, if we but knew it."

I remembered then that some one had told me this was Miss Kerrison's third season.

"First love is the only love," I said firmly. It was no time for mawkish scruples. I had temporized with my conscience too long already. She must now be made to realize the sad truth in all its ghastliness.

"That is not so," she said. "Believe me, Mr. Craven, when I tell you that you are as yet far too young to know what is best for your welfare."

How she fought—as women will—against her own happiness!

Boston & Maine R. R. Portsmouth Electric Railway

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT
In Effect June 25, 1906

EASTERN DIVISION

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.20, 5.16, 6.30, 7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 10.55, 11.05 a. m., 1.48, 1.58, 2.21, 3.00, 5.00, 6.35, 7.28 p. m.
 Sunday, 3.20, 5.16, 6.35, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.
 For Portland—7.35, 9.55, 10.45, 11.25 a. m., 2.25, 5.22, 8.50, 11.35 p. m. Sunday 8.30, 10.45 a. m., 8.50, 11.35 p. m.
 For Wells Beach—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday 8.30 a. m.
 For Old Orchard—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday 8.30 a. m.
 For North Conway—9.55, 11.11 a. m., 3.07 p. m.
 For Somersworth—4.50, 7.35, 9.45, 9.55, 11.11 a. m., 2.48, 3.07, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—7.35, 9.45, 9.55, 11.11 a. m., 2.48, 3.07, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.
 For Dover—4.50, 7.35, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.48, 3.22, 8.52 p. m. Sunday 8.30, 9.30, 10.48 a. m., 1.25, 5.00, 8.52 p. m.
 For North Hampton and Hampton—6.30, 7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 1.58, 2.21, 5.00, 6.35 p. m. Sunday 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

For Greenland—7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 5.00, 6.35 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—5.55, 7.30, 8.50, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 1.40, 2.15, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday, 4.00, 8.20, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.
 Leave Portland—1.20, 3.50, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 1.35, 6.00, 8.00 p. m. Sunday 1.20, 3.50 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 5.45, 8.00 p. m.
 Leave Old Orchard—9.00 a. m., 12.48, 1.53, 3.52, 6.21, 8.17 p. m. Sunday 5.18, 6.06, 8.17 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38, 10.43 a. m., 2.21 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.22, 9.47 a. m., 12.58, 5.31 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.34, 8.15, 10.00, 10.08 a. m., 1.11, 5.48 p. m. Sunday, 12.30, 4.12 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.35, 8.36, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.25, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday 7.30 a. m., 12.45, 1.50, 4.25, 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—7.47, 9.22, 10.06, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.26, 4.50, 6.16, 7.24 p. m. Sunday 6.14, 10.06 a. m., 12.03, 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—7.52, 9.28, 10.11, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 4.31, 5.05, 6.21, 7.28 p. m. Sunday 6.19, 10.12 a. m., 12.00, 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—7.50, 9.25 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday 6.24, 10.18 a. m., 12.15, 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.30, 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—8.30, 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Epping—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Concord—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Manchester—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.30, 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—8.30, 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Epping—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Concord—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Manchester—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.30, 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—8.30, 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Epping—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Concord—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

Manchester—9.20, 1.14 p. m.

In Effect Sunday, June 24, 1906

Main Line

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for Lang's Corner (Wallis Sands and North Rye Beach). Cable Road (Jennett Beach), Rye Beach, Little Bears Head and Hampton Beach, connecting for Salisbury Beach, Amesbury, Newburyport, Haverhill and points south and west at 7.05 a. m., 8.05, 8.25, 9.05, 9.35 a. m., and half hourly until 9.05 p. m. Saturdays only 9.35 p. m., Wednesdays and Saturdays only 10.05 p. m., and 11.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 5.35 a. m. For North Hampton at 6.35 a. m. For Rye Beach P. O. only at 6.45 a. m. For Little Bears Head only at 10.05 p. m. Sundays only, 7.25 a. m. For Little Bears Head and North Hampton. The 5.35 a. m., 7.05, 9.05, 9.35, 11.35 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 2.35, 4.05, 6.25, 9.05 p. m. cars make close connections for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 8.05 a. m., 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m. Saturdays only 10.35 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays only 11.05 p. m. Thursdays and Sundays only at 12.05 a. m.

Leave Hampton Beach 20 minutes earlier than above times.

Leave Cable Road 7.10 a. m. Leave Rye Beach P. O. 7.25 a. m. Leave Little Bears Head 10.55 p. m., except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) at 6.35 a. m., 7.05, 7.35 a. m. and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., 10.35, 11.05. Cars leaving Market Square hourly from 6.35 a. m. to 10.35 p. m. connect for Exeter. Via Middle Street only, 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop

Via Market Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) at 6.35 a. m., 7.05, 7.35 a. m. and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., 10.35, 11.05 p. m.

Cars via Islington Street arrive at and leave B. & M. Station, corner Deer and Vaughan streets, 16 minutes later than Market Square.

Cars via Market Street arrive at and leave B. & M. Station, corner Deer and Vaughan streets, 4 minutes later than Market Square.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

*Makes no connection beyond Hampton.

*Omitted holidays.

*Runs to North Beach Wednesdays and Saturdays.

xOmitted Sundays.

City Office No. 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone call—253.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen'l Pass' and Ticket Agent.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leave Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.55, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m.

Holmby, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leave Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.25, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.35, 12.45 p. m.

Holidays, 10.00, 10.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. P. REES, Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard.

Approved: W. W. MEAD, Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

Connect at Rockingham Junction, Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence, and Concord for Plymouth, Newburyport, Portsmouth, St. Lawrence, and Montreal.

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Connect at Rockingham Junction, Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence, and Concord for Plymouth, Newburyport, Portsmouth, St. Lawrence, and Montreal.

TIME TABLE

Portsmouth, Dover and York St. Ry.

In Effect Thursday, June 28, 1906

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connect with cars:

For Eliot and Dover—6.55, 7.55, 8.55, 9.25 a. m., and half hourly until 7.55 p. m., then 8.55, 9.55 and 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
 * For Kennard's Corner only.

For South Berwick and York Beach via Rosemary—6.55, 7.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half hourly until 7.25 p. m., then 8.25 and 9.25 p. m. Sundays—first trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—6.05, 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05, 7.05, 8.05, 9.05, 9.50 a. m., continuing to leave five minutes and thirty minutes past the hour until 8.05 p. m., then 9.05 and 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Note—Cars between Dover and Portsmouth, leaving on the half hour, run through without change. Cars leaving Dover five minutes past the hour and (Daggers' Island on the hour make connections by changing cars at Rosemary Junction.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot, Portsmouth, Kittery, York Village, York Harbor and York Beach—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Note—Passengers for York change cars at South Berwick Junction. Passengers for Eliot, Portsmouth and Kittery change cars at South Berwick Junction and Rosemary Junction.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover, South Berwick (also Portsmouth) and Eliot via Rosemary—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 9.30 p. m., 10.30 p. m. to South Berwick car barn only. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Kittery Point and Kittery, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.15, 6.50, 7.00 a. m., and half hourly until 9.00 p. m., 10.00 p. m. to Kittery Point only. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point, Kittery:

For Portsmouth—6.00, 6.30 a. m., and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Junction, Eliot: For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 9.55 a. m., continuing to leave thirty minutes and fifty-five minutes past the hour until 8.30 p. m., then 9.30 and 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Tel. Call—528 Portsmouth

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500 Best Quality Extra Wood

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Cared For and Turfed

Done.

With increased facilities, the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be interested to his care. He will also give careful attention to the tending and watering of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of weeds and grass. In addition to work at the cemetery he will do grading and grading in the city.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Leam and Tull. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail or with Oliver W. Clark, of 210 St. John Street, will be promptly attended to.

M. J. C. REFIN

Fernie's Revenge.

It was through the instrumentality of Gilbert Lloyd that Fernie was outwitted and a warrant issued for his arrest. There was circumstantial evidence only to prove that he had shot the early old hunker on Rippleford outstation, who was known to be a man of no friends and many enemies, and who lived, according to local gossip, in constant terror of his life from a mate, on whom he had turned Queen's evidence years ago. But on that night Gilbert Lloyd's imported mare had disappeared from the paddock at the outstation, and was known to be in the hands of the wild range dweller, who had lived on the possession of his fellow men for so many years. There was much to prove that the hunker had disturbed Fernie at his work, and had been shot in the back while running away to give the alarm.

"Fernie might be a bushranger and a dare-devil at the best, but he would never shoot an unarmed man in the back," said his supporters in the district; but they were a shadowy lot themselves, and Gilbert Lloyd, who had lately bought Rippleford, swore that he would rid the district of the outlaw, who seemed to consider that a stray sheep or bullock was his due so long as it came from the rich folks' flocks or herds.

Gilbert was more than ever keen about this matter because he fancied that to accomplish it would give him a better footing among his neighbors. Before he had come to the district he had been a society darling, and he was anxious to see that all his town accomplishments were as much in the eyes of the silent, unsmiling young bushman, simply because he couldn't risk through timber, and was untried in bushcraft. He had won and won the beauty of the district, and he was unpleasantly surprised to see that she was commiserated with instead of congratulated upon her conquest. Now his chance had come to do something which they had failed to do. The stealing of his favorite mare had enraged him beyond expression, for Fernie had swayed into the wayside inn bar the day before and asserted laughingly that the next time he took something from Rippleford it would be valuable.

This was after Lloyd had failed to convert him of killing a sheep in the river paddocks; his skin had been tanned and forwarded to him by a half-witted black boy soon afterward. Now that chance had given his enemy into his hands, Gilbert used all his energy and influence to convert Mrs. Black trackers had come up from Pottsville, and a first-class detective. Fernie and his attending spruce—a young Dawson black fellow—had been traced to a cave in the Parrier range, and the police were drawing a cordon round the place. It was annoying that upon the very night that the capture would be made Rose Western, his fiancée, and his sister, Maude Lloyd, should choose to arrive by coach at the bush town. The capture of Fernie would rouse it to fever heat, and the girls were safest and best at Rippleford. There was no one to escort them there but Lloyd himself, and it was with a feeling of annoyance that he made the necessary arrangements to drive out with them in the chill of a spring dawn from the bush hotel, where the attendants scowled uncomfortably at him, and the rough servant girl refused to wait upon him, and openly gave her opinion of his character to the grating black woman in the kitchen.

To add to his worries Ben Johnson, the driver, was usually drunk. He climbed to his high seat on the station trap, with cheerful remarks that he "hoped the ladies would 'skuse him, but a gentleman had to drink when other gentlemen shouted for him. Rose and Maude (a school-girl just grown up, and in her first long frock) were rather nervous.

"Had you not better take the reins, Gilbert?" said Rose, in a low voice.

Gilbert could no more drive four horses that he could fly, and he assured the girls that Ben, though drunk, could drive far better than the average man sober; and he was right to a certain extent. While in the cheerful stage Ben could drive, and Rose was so delighted at seeing the road which led to her old home—for it was from the Westerns that Gilbert had bought Rippleford—that she soon forgot her fears. Maude was far too young and enthusiastic to worry, and rather enjoyed the sharp turns and swerves of the big station wagonette. Although she may not have realized it, it was a great deal for the sake of Rippleford that Rose accepted Gilbert Lloyd, and she had enjoyed the congratulations of her Sydney friends and the ladies that society gives to the girl who is making a good match. Gilbert was good looking, too, in a small, fair, dapper style, and Miss Western felt at peace with the world as they flew along the red scrub road, with the glorious scents of the forest around them and the freshness of the spring dawn to fill their young hearts with the wine and joy of living. And Gilbert, gazing at the sweet, interesting face of his beloved, was fain to be content also, for Rose was very pretty, with her wavy flaxen hair and dark eyes and brows giving character to her creamy-tinted countenance, for her beauty was such that no man once realizing it ever forgot

her, owning an attraction quite apart from beauty of feature after all.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, Ben Johnson collapsed in a heap on the floor of the trap, and Gilbert sprang to his feet and seized the reins. "You brute!" he said, as he strove to get the leaders in hand. "You can take your check and walk for this." But a loud snore was his only answer.

"Don't drag them back like that, Gilbert. See you are pulling the leaders separate ways," cried Rose, rising to her feet; "and you haven't got the other two reins at all." Gilbert grew crimson with rage. The horses seemed to him to be all trying to back up into the trap at once, and to add to the confusion, Maude began to scream.

With an exclamation of fear Miss Western tried to clamber over the seat to reach the tangled reins. Being a bush girl, she saw the extent of the danger, and she realized at once that Gilbert was helpless. "Can I be of any use?" The calm, full voice rang above the confused sounds of snapping harness and Gilbert's excited shouts, and to Rose Western the very notes of it brought relief.

"There was a man on the road," he had materialized from empty space, or from the pine poles round about. She did not stop to argue from whence he came; that he understood horses she knew at once when he went to the scared leaders' heads, and quieted them gently. In a few seconds the confusion ceased, and, giving Gilbert the reins to hold, she sprang to the ground to help the stranger repair a broken swing-bar.

"My good fellow," said Gilbert, noting the man's rough bush turn-out of muleskin and leggings, "I will make it worth your while if you will drive us to Rippleford; my man is useless, as you see."

"Yes, I was just about to offer. I'm canned by Scrubby Creek, half a mile back, but my mate will look after things. You don't drive yourself."

"What does it matter to you whether I drive or not? I don't choose to. You will be well paid to do it, my man," he added more generally, as he noticed the stranger's eyes flash at the first part of his sentence. "Yes, I shall be well paid," said the man reflectively; "well, all aboard, your leaders have had too much corn to be patient while we argue." He turned to help Rose into the trap, and then he got in himself. "Thought I'd catch my horse and go to see the fun with the police and Fernie," he volunteered, as he cracked the whip and whistled to the team. "Heard the little mfs scream, and so followed your tracks, and here I am."

"I hope they won't find him," said Miss Western. "I saw Fernie once when I was a little girl; he was the handsomest boy one could see. He was living with his adopted people at Nerahy then, before they quarreled and he ran away."

Gilbert turned away so that Rose should not see his face for the passion of jealousy had transformed it terribly. That was the key to Lloyd's character, the voice which swamped all his finer feelings, and which mastered him completely. A year ago Rose had spoken to him of Fernie, and had used the same words, adding, "I would love to meet him again. His life has been so romantic, if one can believe all one hears; and he is so very handsome—an ideal man."

Gilbert had not forgotten or forgiven her words.

"Look!" whispered Maude; "it seems to me that our new driver is quite too lovely for anything. Watch when the wind lifts up his awful old hat brim. Now he is handsome. Quite puts your ideal Fernie into the shade, Rose." "Rose's ideal Fernie is a cowardly murderer," said Gilbert coldly. "Perhaps because I am a mere man I fail to see the beauty of that character."

"Was that ever proved, Gilbert?" said Rose. "One cannot reconcile it at all with what one has always heard of Fernie Ericson. I admit he leads a terrible life, but I do not think he would shoot an unarmed man."

"Well, we shall see. Your ideal will swing in a Sydney jail before the year is out; the chain of evidence is too strong for him, and the crown is doing a good work in ridding the district of a scoundrel."

Rose turned pale. "How awful!" she said. "Suppose he did not do it?"

Gilbert laughed. "He will hang for it, anyway," he said. "I, for one, am fully convinced of his guilt."

"I've not too much time," said the driver, suddenly turning the horses into the scrub; "there's a good short cut to Rippleford this way."

There certainly was a sort of path, but so overgrown that the girls had to bend this way and that to escape the sandalwood boughs; and Rose was about to remonstrate when the horses were brought to a standstill, and the driver turned on his seat so that he faced them. "Now, hands up, all of you!" he said cheerfully. "Fernie is not caught yet, you see." And he whipped a revolver from his shirt, and covered Gilbert neatly. "I don't wish to hurt either of you ladies," he added; "but neither of you must move, or try to call for help. My black fellow is behind us, and he will watch you."

With one accord the terrified girls looked behind. Yes, there against the trunk of a sandalwood stood a tall and rather villainous-looking aboriginal. He was also armed, and the restless stamping of tethered horses could be heard now and then from the scrub on the right.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
JULY 16.

SUN RISES 4:21 MOON RISES 10:52 A. M.
SUN SETS 7:19 MOON SETS 10:50 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY 14:28 FULL MOON 10:45 P. M.

New Moon, July 21st, 7h. 50m., morning, E.
First Quarter, July 28th, 7h. 50m., evening, E.
Full Moon, August 4th, 5h. 0m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, August 11th, 5h. 48m., evening, E.



MONDAY, JULY 16, 1906.

THE TEMPERATURE

Eighty-six degrees above zero was the temperature registered by THE HERALD'S thermometer at two o'clock this afternoon.

LOCAL DASHES

Rain is really needed.
July has run half its course.
Yesterday was St. Swithin's day.
The street sprinkler is now badly needed.
The York hotels are full to overflowing.
There seems to be plenty of heat on tap.
Next Fall will bring the state election.
Summer visitors are as numerous as ever.
There will be a new moon next Saturday.
The trolleys did a big business yesterday.
Yesterday was the fifth Sunday after Trinity.
The man who advertises is the man who realizes.
Hampton Beach is enjoying a prosperous season.
The east wind has been having a little vacation.
There is every variety of good thing in the market.
The trolley cars carry great crowds every Sunday.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.
York Beach has had its first bathing fatality of the season.
The Boston Yacht Club was at the Isles of Shoals yesterday.
The board of assessors will be in session tomorrow evening.
The York Beach baseball team has twice defeated Portsmouth.
The golfers seem to be less active this season than in the past.
The rain predicted for Saturday and Sunday did not show up.
The French nation celebrated its great national holiday Saturday.
The August magazines are filled with stories for summer reading.
Model yacht racing is a sport that may well be revived in this section.
Today is the anniversary of the historic Hamilton-Burr duel of 1804.
A daily newspaper is the great modern meeting place for all the people.
This is rather a busy summer in the harbor and along the water front.
Mrs. Leslie Carter has made Portsmouth a national news center again.
Next Sunday will be the first anniversary of the blowing up of Henderson's Point.
The death of Rev. Fr. Finnigan caused deep grief in this city and throughout the state.
POLICE COURT
Judge Simes heard the case of Baldini Felice, charged with keeping malt liquors for sale, in police court this (Monday) morning. He pleaded not guilty and waived the reading of the writ. The court held him in two sureties of \$200 for the October term of superior court.
City Marshal Entwistle and Officer Anderson visited the residence of Baldini Felice at Freeman's Point on Sunday, where they found sufficient evidence to cause the arrest of Felice. In the cellar they discovered three kegs of beer and up stairs some cases containing lager and ale. They also found two men under a tree who had the goods and were out in the shade enjoying a few cool ones.
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, NOTICE!
Every member is requested to be at our rooms this (Monday) evening at seven-thirty o'clock. Important action.
J. B. MEEGAN,
Financial Secretary.
YACHTS LEAVE THE SHOALS
The Boston Yacht Club left the Isles of Shoals for Cape Porpoise and Portland about nine o'clock this (Monday) morning.

MEN HARD AT WORK

At Plant Of Portsmouth Forge Company

PLANS FOR MODERNIZING OF THE FACTORY

The Portsmouth Forge Company is now working on the alterations planned in the rear of the main building.
The blacksmith shop and old foundry building will be raised several feet, enough to connect them with the wings at each end and to make the plant one building.
By this arrangement the former pipe shop and brass finishing rooms will be consolidated and connected with the forging rooms of the new plant.
The Boston and Maine railroad will soon begin to remove and extend the old side track leading to the rear of the shops.
The building formerly used by the Portsmouth Heat Company at the east end of the machine shop on Hanover street, advertised for sale by the Portsmouth Forge Company on Thursday next, has been disposed of at private sale to Samuel Katz, the well known junk dealer, who recently purchased the large lot fronting his residence.
It is understood that a Jewish firm is contemplating the establishment of bottling works on the first floor of the building.

CAR BARN ENTERED

Three Hundred Dollars Taken From Atlantic Shore Line Sale

Masked robbers entered the car barn of the Atlantic Shore line at Kennebunkport about half-past twelve o'clock this (Monday) morning and took between \$200 and \$300 from the safe. There were five men in the party, all of them armed with revolvers.

The two men in charge of the car barn were at lunch when the masked men entered the building. One of them showed a disposition to fight, but the intruders clubbed him into submission. He was so severely injured that he is today under the care of a physician.

After the men in charge of the barn had been subdued, the burglars forced open the safe, took nearly \$300 in money and made their escape.

WILL FIGHT CASE

Atlantic Shore Line Takes Issue With Sheriff Athorne

Saturday night, Sheriff George O. Athorne of Elliot took ten cases and five kegs of beer and lager from a freight car of the Atlantic Shore line at Badger's Island. The beer was consigned to various people along the line a portion of it being intended for the York City yards.

Sheriff Athorne took the beer to his residence.

General Manager Meloon of the Atlantic Shore line claims that the beer was illegally seized and has engaged Judge Samuel W. Emery to prosecute the case.

"We intend to obey the law both in letter and spirit," said Mr. Meloon to a representative of The Herald. "We will deliver neither malt nor spirituous liquors to those we think intend to retail them nor to those who should not have them. We do not believe that private consignments can be lawfully confiscated and we shall protect our patrons by making this a test case."

MURRAY SAVED THEM

Prompt Action Prevented The Loss Of Six Lives

Had it not been for the prompt action of Watchman Murray at Henderson's Point four men, Archibald Parsons, Jerry Green, Fred Topf and James Barren, attached to the dredging sloop Bothfield, in charge of Capt. C. F. Gregory, would have been drowned Sunday morning.

The sloop is owned by the Eastern

Dredging Company of Boston and is employed at Henderson's Point by the Massachusetts Contracting Company.

It was about five o'clock in the morning when Murray went out to open the first of the boilers. He found the sloop in a sinking condition, going down stern first.

Murray's first thought was of the crew and he hastened to the banks of the men to arouse them.

He had hardly spoken to them when water began to come into the sleeping quarters and the men were forced to flee precipitately, leaving their clothing behind.

They had just reached the shore when the sloop went down.

At present it is not known what caused her to sink. It may have been due to a leak caused by submarine blasting or the apparatus may have hung up on its spuds.

There is forty-five feet of water where the sloop went down. At low tide the stern can be seen above the surface, but at high tide she is completely covered.

It may be hard work to float the sloop, owing to the strong tide. The company officials say that they will at once begin the work of floating the craft.

TAKEN TO THE CHURCH

Body of Rev. Fr. Finnigan Escorted By Guard of Honor

The body of Rev. Fr. Patrick J. Finnigan was taken from the parochial residence on Chatham street to the Church of the Immaculate Conception at two o'clock this (Monday) afternoon. It will lie in state there until tomorrow (Tuesday) afternoon at half-past ten o'clock.

An escort composed of members of Portsmouth Council, Knights of Columbus, Division 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Holy Name Society and the Girls' Sodality accompanied the body. Guards from these societies will watch at the church during the night.

Since seven o'clock last evening, hundreds of people have called at the parochial residence.

ON MARKET SQUARE

Franklin Pierce Vets Will Hereafter Have Playouts

The Franklin Pierce Veteran Firemen's Association has been granted permission by the board of water commissioners, which met on Saturday to play out on Market square and to take water from the reservoir at that place.

The crew will work the machine out either on Wednesday or Friday evening of this week. With a straight line of hose and a good crew on the brakes, good results are anticipated.

OBITUARY

Walter S. Laskey

The death of Walter S. Laskey, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Laskey, occurred at the home of his parents, 8 Whidden street, on Sunday.

Mrs. John Barrett

Mrs. John Barrett, who was removed to the Cottage Hospital Saturday night, suffering from dropsy, passed away on Sunday evening. She was thirty-four years of age.

OBSEQUES

The funeral of Reuben Rand was held at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon from his late home, 1 Satter street. Rev. Frank H. Gardner officiating. Interment was in the family cemetery at the old homestead on Lafayette road, Undertaker O. W. Ham in charge.

PLANT WILL BE CLOSED

The plant of the Portsmouth Brewing Company will be closed tomorrow (Tuesday), in recognition of the funeral services of Rev. Fr. Patrick J. Finnigan.

FIVE MEN DROWNED

Fatalities In This State Saturday and Sunday

AT DOVER, MANCHESTER AND BOSCAWEN

There were five drowning fatalities in this state on Saturday and Sunday, two at Dover, two at Manchester and one at Boscawen.

The Dover victims were Samuel Axleford, aged thirty, and an Italian, name unknown.

Axleford was bathing in the Cochecho River about six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, when he was seized by cramps. Several young men and two nudes, who were watching him, were unable to assist him and he sank before their eyes. The body was recovered. Axleford leaves a widow in England and a sister, Mrs. James Riley of Dover.

The Italian was employed at the Morris brick yards. He was drowned in the lower Cochecho near Elliot bridge about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon. He went down the river in a boat with three fellow countrymen and his companions leaped into the water. He followed them, although unable to swim, and sank before assistance could reach him. Police Officer Young and Special Officer Call of Dover were summoned and found the body about seven o'clock.

Arthur L. Hersey and George Plouffe of Manchester were both drowned on Saturday, the former in Steven's Pond and the latter in the Merrimack River. The body of Hersey has not yet been recovered. Hersey left his home at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning and borrowed a boat at Youngsville, saying that he wanted to search for water lilies and fish. He has not since been seen, but the boat was found on the shore of the pond with his clothing and watch in it late in the afternoon. The young man could not swim, but he may have waded into the pond, deceived by the shallowness of the water. In this event, he probably sank in the deep mud at the bottom of the pond. Hersey was twenty-two years old and is survived by his mother, two sisters and a brother.

George Plouffe, aged twenty-two, was drowned while bathing in the Merrimack, his death being probably due to cramps. His mother, two brothers and five sisters survive.

George Lakin, the only son of a widowed mother, sank and was drowned in five feet of water in a small pond in Boscawen on Sunday afternoon. He jumped into the pond while his blood was heated and is supposed to have been over come. Several friends were with him, but before they realized what was happening he was beyond help. Lakin graduated from Franklin High School this year. He was a prominent athlete and intended to enter college in the Fall. Besides his mother, he leaves one sister.

BARGE RAN AGROUND

Was Finally Floated With Very Little Injury

Barge Woodbury, which anchored in the lower harbor on Saturday night, swung ashore on Gerrish Island Flats Sunday morning and remained aground all day. An unsuccessful attempt was made to float her with her own sail.

When the tug Tacony arrived to take the barge in tow a hawser was run and the powerful tug had no difficulty in floating her. Fortunately for the barge she was not loaded. Had she been she would probably have strained herself and filled.

The barge was built in 1899 at Noank, Conn., is of 657 net tons and

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We are showing some new patterns in

CRETONNES,
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The Latest Novels and Standard Literature.

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GLIMPSES OF PORTSMOUTH.

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Prophylactic Tooth Brushes,
Colgate & Co.'s Soaps, Comfort and Talcum Powder.

SHELL GOODS.

is owned by the Staples Coal Company of Taunton, Mass.

PERSONALS.

Howe Call of Boston, formerly of this city, is visiting here.

Miss Margaret T. Wilbur of West Manchester is visiting in this city.

Mrs. John Matos of Dover street is visiting in Manchester today (Monday).

Rev. Charles Martin of Penacook on Saturday last visited his sister at Eliac Cottage, Elliot.

John Ridge of Newark, N. J., who has been passing a few weeks in this city, returned home on Saturday.

G. Fred Dico of Portsmouth was among those who recently registered at Hampton Inn, Hampton Beach.

Miss Mary Conlon of Mount Vernon street was called to Claremont today (Monday) by the illness of a friend.

George L. Hayes, Arthur S. Hayes and Miss Mary MacGregor of Malden, Mass., passed Sunday with relatives in this city.

Misses Elizabeth and Bridget McCabe of Manchester are the guests of their brother, Patrick McCabe of McDonough street.

Mrs. W. P. Gray and daughter Monica have returned from a visit of a month to friends in Scituate, Hull and Readville, Mass.

John O'Callaghan, Joseph Toland and Charles J. Markey of Boston passed Sunday in this city, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Connelly of Parker street.

Sylvester Lacey of Salem, Mass., one of the Boston and Maine railroad's retired engineers, is passing a few weeks with his brother, Benjamin Lacey of Jackson street.

Miss Josie Corcoran, who is attending the Brown Designing School of Dressmaking in Boston, passed Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Mary Corcoran of New Vaughan street.

Mrs. M. J. Williams has returned from a visit to her brother, Joseph Dearing, in Everett, Mass., and has taken up her residence at The Anchorage, Tavistock Island, for the summer.

Mrs. James Mithen, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. William Hennessey of Chapel street for the past three weeks, returned to her home in Malden, Mass., on Sunday. She was accompanied by Miss Dorothy Pollard, who will pass a few weeks at Mrs. Mithen's home.

Master Joseph E. Frisbee celebrated his twelfth birthday anniversary at The Anchorage, Tavistock Island, on Saturday. Master Frisbee is keeping "a log book of The Anchorage", recording the arrivals and departures of all vessels and the principal events in the lower harbor every day.

ABOUT 100 PRIESTS WILL ATTEND

Nearly 100 priests from all parts of the state will be present at the funeral service of the late Rev. Fr. P. J. Finnigan, to be held Tuesday morning.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)
Washington, July 16--For Tuesday, cooler weather is indicated, with light to fresh winds, mostly south.

Many real estate transfers have been recorded in this county during the past few months.

AT FAY'S BIG STORE
YOU CAN FIND A BIG LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.

Men's Summer Suits in Blue and Light Grey \$10 to \$15.
Men's Negligee Shirts, white and colored, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
Men and Boys' Light Weight Sweaters, all colors and prices
Men and Boys' Straw Hats, all styles.
A Great Variety of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, etc.
The Latest Styles in Neckwear, 25c and 50c.
We have the largest Shoe Department in the City. Every thing in Footwear for Men, Women and Children.

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3 Congress St. Portsmouth, N. H.

A. O. Caswell, Bottler,

12 1-2 Porter St. Telephone Connection
IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE FOLLOWING GOODS:
Hildridge's Hilsener Lager, Half Stock Ale, Cream Ale.
Frank Jones Golden Ale, Homestead Ale, Stock Porter, Nourishing Stout, India Pale Ale.
Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Portsburger Lager, Sparkling Ale, Half Stock Ale, Stock Porter, India Pale Ale.
Schlitz Lager (Budweiser Brewery Bottling.)
Ales, Lager and Porter by the 1/4 keg. Wines and Liquors. Soda Siphons and Tanks.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN FAMILY TRADE.

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR

At L. D. Britton's Express Office.
TELEPHONE 58-2.

Would you put your Chronometer in the hands of a TAILOR AND KNOW MY BUSINESS. Let me do it. You will find that it is done RIGHT and the price is Satisfactory. A splendid line of Woollens for Spring and Summer not removed. I am at the same place,

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It Leads in Quality and Flavor.
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